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A Sport of Noble Minds, by Dorothy L. Sayers, on page 22

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1929 — NUMBER 2

In Memoriam, 1914

THE Venetian commonwealth once inscribed on the walls of its armory the words: "Happy is that city which in times of peace thinks of war." And we have had our own admonitions to the same effect. Well, we are back, just fifteen years after outbreak of the most disastrous war in history, in the piping time of peace that once we thought the world would never recapture. We have again our merry meetings and our delightful measures, and a new generation that knows no more of what the older witnessed than that older knew of the internecine struggle that meant "War" to its members. Truly, it behooves us again to prepare for war. It is none too soon to bend every effort to that endeavor, to leave no agency unused that may conduce to its elimination from the world forever. In reversal of all problems, speech, not silence, henceforth is golden. Those reticences of the trenches which seemed so necessary to a world whose nerves were raw with agony, that reliance on the exhaustion which made wholesale fighting within any discernible time seem inconceivable, have alike become dangerous. For if the men who knew what the horror of battle was hold silence until only those who never experienced write of it, and if peace propaganda lies inert until full strength has returned to the nations, then war again will have glamour, and pacifism only a blank slate to work upon.

Fortunately the soldiers at least seem to have determined that if they have anything to say about it war shall be known as what it is. Of a sudden there is an avalanche of volumes written by soldiers, books so impregnated with hatred of warfare and so unsparing in their portrayal of it that to read them is to disavow all apologia for battle. "All Quiet on the Western Front," "War," "The Path to Glory," one after another they appear; they are more effective propaganda for peace than a thousand tracts or arguments. Literature needs them when they are good, but the world needs them even more. And what the world needs in addition is a very full realization of the fact that warfare never was anything but hideous and never will be anything other. It needs some constant reminder that the Wars of the Roses or Napoleon's campaigns are only romantic in fiction, and that unless it be wary fiction will begin investing the World War with glamour. It needs some custodian to cry out upon any such effort, and that custodian can only be the public conscience.

* * *

William James long ago asserted that men must have some moral equivalent for war. Perhaps they need also some imaginative equivalent, some substitute in literature as in life for the stir of arms and the thrill of action which books have always given. The more fully modern life becomes immersed in its intricacy the more must man get his escape from it vicariously. For escape he must have if only in dalliance with fancied deeds and experience. Fortunately for him we have reached a time in the world's history when pursuits, endeavors, accomplishments are on so grand a scale as to take on before our very eyes epic quality. The battle lines of peace are flung over the continents, employed in operations so vast that they cannot but engage attention. History is in the making as we watch, and for once we have a prescience of the importance of events. A British Labor government in the seats of the Conservatives, an international banking system in process of evolution, a Mexico emerging from chaos, power mergers of gigantic dimensions, air travel filling the heavens, the Vatican and the Quirinal in amity, Soviet Russia on the verge of recognition—here surely is enough excitement and possibility of excitement to offer a substitute for war so far as the actual is concerned. And certainly here, too, lies plenty of what the journalist calls copy. If only the fiction of today and tomorrow would confine itself to the horrors of war as it is depicting them at present and to the splendors of peace as time is evolving them, we should have a literature that would constitute as effective an arm of pacifist propaganda as ever the submarine did of naval warfare.

Souvenir

By GEORGE DILLON

HOW beautiful is a woman whose avarice is over.
She is content that time should take what it will.
She is proud to have no pride. She asks of her lover
Love only, for good or ill.

She makes of her body a strange bed till morning
Wherein he breathes oblivion better than sleep;
And when he wakes she is nowhere—she has fled without warning,
And left him nothing to keep

But the trace of her tears on the pillow, and a bright strand
Out of her hair, and happiness, and a little grief
That is but the weight of a plum-petal in his hand,
Or heart-shaped mulberry leaf.

This Week

"Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Clavijo: Embassy to Tamerlane."
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"They Stooped to Folly."
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"William, Prince of Orange."
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A Letter of Welcome
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Anniversary
By FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Next Week, or Later

Dante and His Times.
By C. H. GRANDGENT.

Hot Blood's Blindfold Art*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

NO one in our generation has pursued the cry of sex so passionately, so painfully as D. H. Lawrence; and no one has been more confused by it. A magnificently equipped craftsman, a writer *pur sang*, his gamut has never extended. His novels (with two unimportant exceptions) and, more explicitly, his poems are concerned with little else than the dark fire, the broken body, the struggle, death, and resurrection of crucified flesh, the recurring cycle of fulfilment and frustration. This is Lawrence's theme, a theme which he varies with great skill, but one which he can neither leave nor fully control. It is not merely his passion, it is his obsession.

To explain such limitations, one is forced to probe into the author's personal history—a process from which one would shrink did not the author invite the examination. More than that, he commands it with these two volumes. Lawrence writes in his introduction: "I have tried to establish a chronological order, because many of the poems are so personal that, in their fragmentary fashion, they make up a biography of an emotional and inner life. . . . The poems to Miram, and to my Mother, and to Helen, and to the other woman . . . need the order of time, as that is the order of experience." Evidently fearing that the poems are not sufficiently self-revealing, he insists further, "If we knew a little more of Shakespeare's self and circumstance how much more complete the Sonnets would be to us, how their strange, torn edges would be softened and merged into a whole body! So one would like the reader of 'Look! We Have Come Through!' to fill in the background of the poems, as far as possible, with the place, the time, the circumstance." This should not be difficult, for these are anything but impersonal or abstract poems, existing in "the vacuum of the absolute"; almost every line supplies the penumbra of the time, the place and—the circumstance.

* * *

The author begins life in a rural, mining district with a deeply-cored love for his mother, an attachment which conditions and almost cripples his adult love-life. This bond and the mother's early death, which instead of freeing him causes "the long haunting death-in-life," continues to the end. It is the burden of the first volume, as it was of the unforgettable "Sons and Lovers." A few poems had been written in his twentieth year ("any young lady might have written them and been pleased with them—as I was pleased with them"); at twenty-three he had taught in a school just outside of South London, and already "Virgin Youth" had sounded the *leitmotif* which was to become Lawrence's prelude, chorale, and fugue. A new cycle begins at the age of twenty-seven; the searching "Look! We Have Come Through!" starts at Hennef on the banks of the Sieg. After the death experience, the author had gone to Germany (his first departure from the homeland) and here, "after much struggling and loss in love," the protagonist throws in his lot with a woman who is already married. Together (to continue the Argument) they go into another country, she leaving her children behind. The search for love—and peace in love—goes on. But always the mystery evades him. Instead, the conflict of love and hate goes on between the man and

* COLLECTED POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Volume I: Rhyming Poems; Volume II: Unrhyming Poems. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $5.

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woman, and between these two and the world around them, till (says Lawrence rather pitifully) it reaches some sort of conclusion. It is a most inconclusive conclusion. The title "Look! We Have Come Through!" one realizes is a forlorn wish rather than a triumphant fact.

The protagonists go to Italy, America, Sicily, Mexico. Lawrence, still searching for the secret that unites, sunders, and reunites men and women, goes closer and closer to what he hopes is the source. The Indians; then the beasts; then birds, reptiles, fish, mosquitoes; finally trees, fruits, flowers. Only the mineral kingdom lies unexplored. Examine "Medlars and Sorb Apples" ("wineskins and morbidity, autumnal excrementa") or "Figs" ("fruit like a ripe womb") or "Bibbles" ("indiscriminate, little Walt-Whitmanesque bitch"). Better still, examine "Snapdragon" in the first volume and "Rabbit Snared in the Night" in the second. In one, Lawrence achieves the dubious miracle of writing a flower-poem that burns with unbearable fever-heat; in the other, he suggests the unspeakable in the terms of the horrible. The apotheosis—and the *reductio ad absurdum*—of this preoccupation is the "Tortoise" series. Here, in the most hopeless and tortured lines he has ever written (with the possible exception of the forbidden "Lady Chatterley's Lover"), Lawrence finds creation conceived in agony, intercourse a ridiculous act, but freedom from the body to be achieved only by continual slavery to it. Life, in short, is bound to the cross of sex. In the anguished coition of the tortoise he sees:

> . . . the last plasm of my body melted back
> To the primeval rudiments of life and its secret—

in the "frail, torn scream" he hears:

> The same cry from the tortoise as from Christ, the Osiris-cry of abandonment,
> That which is whole, torn asunder,
> That which is in part, finding its whole again throughout the universe.

This is as far as Lawrence goes. And he can go no farther except in that limbo where sex and love are desperately confused. Lawrence, hypersensitive, [illegible] promiscuous affection and "the indiscriminate embrace." But Lawrence cannot separate his spirit from his loins; he is, at the same time, mentally detached and emotionally victimized. His agony grows sharper, his solution vaguer. Far from being mystical (as his adherents claim) or metaphysical, his is the very opposite of a soundly passionate nature like Donne's which, as Hugh I'Anson Fausset writes, "never confused the spiritual and the sensual either through false fear or false reverence. He (Donne) is never sentimental, because he experienced and expressed the physical with complete candor, and so was never tempted to linger over it in secretive cunning, sanctifying the sensuous with fine phrases, or smudging the spiritual with vague emotions. Donne knew there can be no escape from the physical to the spiritual." "The physical," says Fausset in his Prologue to "John Donne" "is loath to divulge its secret; it resents the exploitation of its latent consciousness; it would drag the soul back into servile nescience, and subject ideal life to natural death."

This, it seems to me, is the core of Lawrence's *malaise*. He attempts the impossible escape. But the trouble goes deeper. In spite of its frankness and complete self-revelation, the sensuality of Lawrence leaves us somehow dissatisfied, even suspicious. There is something about his excitation which is uncomfortably flagellant; his sudden heats and swift revulsions are too neurotic to evoke more than pity; hysteria, in many of the poems, is subdued but not silenced. To state explicitly what has already been implied, Lawrence, for all his countless presentations of sex has never (except in "Sons and Lovers" and parts of "The Rainbow") analyzed the nature of love. He says little of its spiritual qualities, of sacrifice, of selfless devotion, of impulse withheld, of that love of humanity which he derides in Whitman, of knowledge beyond experience and ecstasy that has nothing to do with the sense of touch. On the contrary, to Lawrence, love is the last injustice; it is the flame which consumes, reduces, and frees one of itself so that one may attain the "true self." It has no understanding, no compassion, only a dark, unholy beauty. The girl on the farm sees her lover thus:

> Ah! the uplifted sword
> Of his hand against my bosom. . . .
> God, I am caught in a snare!
> I know not what fine wire is round my throat;
> I only know I let my finger there
> My pulse of life, and let him nose like a stoat
> Who sniffs with joy before he drinks the blood.

In "Lilies in the Fire," the lover, ashamed because he is not wanted, complains

> Humiliation deep to me, that all my best
> Soul's naked lightning, which should sure attest
> God stepping through our loins in one bright stride
> Means but to you a burden of dead flesh
> Heavy to bear.

There is no refuge from this death-in-life, this hate-in-love. Lawrence flies from it to the Rhineland, to the Garda Lakes, to Taormina, to Santa Fé; to a passing-bell, to fireflies in the corn, to a doe at evening, to Gloire de Dijon roses, to the procession of Fronleichnam, to the green star Sirius—but everywhere he finds

> . . . This love so full
> Of hate has hurt us so,
> We lie side by side
> Moored—but no,
>
> Let me get up
> And wash quite clean
> Of this hate—
> . . . . . .
>
> So cold, so cold and clean
> Now the hate is gone!
> It is all no good,
> I am chilled to the bone
> Now the hate is gone;
> There is nothing left;
> I am pure like bone,
> Of all feeling bereft.

The lust to possess and the fear of being possessed is Lawrence's negative credo. He says it again and again in his novels (notably in "Women in Love" and "Aaron's Rod"); he synthesizes the conflict in the poem "Repulsed," concluding:

> I in the fur of the world, alone; but this Helen close by!
> How we hate one another to-night, hate, she and I
> To numbness and nothingness; I dead, she refusing to die.
> The female whose venom can more than kill, can numb
> and then nullify.

[illegible] suffocating, a similar self-confession [illegible] sion Train" with this stanza:

> Night after night with a blemish of day
> Unblown and unblossomed has withered away;
> Come another night, come a new night, say
> Will you pluck it apart?
> Will you open the amorous, aching bud
> Of my body, and loose the essential flood
> That would pour to you from my heart?

We ought, as Lawrence observes while regarding the tortoise in extremity, to look the other way. But there is something here beyond the sex-fearful, sex-fascinated being, something beyond the self-worshipping, self-deluded artist, and that is Lawrence's intensity. Whatever its faults, the pitch and register of his work is poetry. Impotence itself has power in his propulsive verse. A poet of sensibilities which are refined to the point of being always a little wounded, a recorder of kaleidoscopic images and sensory nuances, Lawrence at forty-three has made a permanent if painful contribution to literature. There are passages in the novels, like the widely differing description of the collieries and the lovers in the corn from "The Rainbow," that must endure long after other "amiable" stories are forgotten; there are poems—especially in the first volume—that take the mind and will not be shaken off. Purely as poetry, the objective or "fictional" poems are among the best: "Love on the Farm," "Two Wives," "Going Back." In the same category but even more surely projected are those dramatic lyrics in dialect: "Violets," "The Collier's Wife," the tense sequence "Whether or Not" (which a ruder Browning might have fathered), "The Drained Cup," and this terse, rich bucolic:

A YOUTH MOWING

> There are four men mowing down by the Isar;
> I can hear the swish of the scythe-strokes, four
> Sharp breaths taken: yea, and I
> Am sorry for what's in store.
>
> The first man out of the four that's mowing
> Is mine, I claim him once and for all;
> Though it's sorry I am, on his young feet, knowing
> None of the trouble he's led to stall.
>
> As he sees me bringing the dinner, he lifts
> His head as proud as a deer that looks
> Shoulder-deep out of the corn; and wipes
> His scythe-blade bright, unhooks
> The scythe-stone and over the stubble to me.
> Lad, thou hast gotten a child in me,
> Laddie, a man thou'lt ha'e to be,
> Yea, though I'm sorry for thee.

Even in these less "personal" poems the personal problem intrudes. Not for long can Lawrence escape his narrow circle; roundabout and roundabout he drives—or is driven—in the merely physical rotation of birth, intercourse, annihilation, birth intercourse. . . . There can be no question of his integrity or the force of his doctrine, for his thesis of self-division, destruction, and sex-renewal is essentially doctrinaire. Nor does Lawrence fail to inform whatever he writes with a fused art. But he is never at rest; his heart is always "plunging and bounding," his pulse is continually "thick" and "dark," the throat threatens to be "choked in its own crimson," the taut body is sullen and balked.

> . . . strange in my blood-swept ears was the sound
> Of the words I kept repeating,
> Repeating with tightened arms, and the hot blood's blindfold art.

"The hot blood's blindfold art." With this phrase Lawrence has completely characterized his work. It will never receive subtler or more profound criticism.

A Great Adventure

CLAVIJO: EMBASSY TO TAMERLANE 1403-1406. Translated from the Spanish by GUY LE STRANGE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

SCHOLARS and the general reading public alike will welcome this new edition of one of the most important travel books of the Middle Ages and one of the most vigorous and refreshing narratives of adventures in strange parts of the earth at any time. In 1402 there came to the court of Castile rumors of the great Tartar conqueror, at the tread of whose horses' hoofs all Asia trembled, and King Henry III despatched certain of his nobles to find this redoubtable foe of Christendom's most [illegible]

the Turks at Angora and his capture of the Turkish Sultan, Báyazíd I, who had broken in the might of the Christians at Niccopolis but a few years before, at whose advance Europe was aghast, and whom Tamerlane thereafter, as legend tells, dragged with him in an iron cage to grace his triumphs.

Tamerlane received the Frankish ambassadors graciously, and sent them back to Castille with presents and an ambassador of his own to "his son the king of Spain." When this Tartar ambassador was ready to return to his master, Henry III of Castile sent with him a second embassy consisting of a friar, Alonzo Paey, Master in Theology, an officer of the royal guard, Gomez de Salazar, and, at their head, Ruy Gonzales de Clavijo, royal chamberlain and a considerable noble. These four, and their attendants, took ship from St. Mary's Port near Cadiz on May 22, 1403, and by way of Majorca, Gaeta, and Messina came to Rhodes and the Greek islands. From thence they threaded their way through the Ionian Archipelago to Constantinople, still at that time ruled by the shadowy Roman Emperors of the East. From Constantinople, after seeing all the wonders of that ancient imperial city and suffering a long delay, they came, not without shipwreck and perils from the Turks, along the coast of the Black Sea to the court of a shadow of the Byzantine shadow, the Greek "emperor" of Trebizond. He forwarded them, though the brigand-infested defiles of Armenia, into the territories of the Great Khan, and so past Ararat, where Noah's ark first rested, and past the ruins of ancient Artaxata, "that first city which was founded in the days after the Flood by Noah and his sons," to Tabiz in western Persia.

But Tamerlane had broken up his camp in the plains of Azerbaijan and withdrawn eastward to golden Samarkand beyond the Oxus. So the ambassadors pushed after him across northern Persia, through Teheran and ancient Rages, and Jajarm, over the burning sands of Khurasan, suffering from thirst and fever, to Balkh, Mother of Cities, and so, by Tamerlane's great bridge of boats, across Oxus and through the Iron Gates of Tartary, to Samarkand the beautiful, among its pleasant orchards and waving fields of grain.

Here, at Timur's capital, they were entertained

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with all the barbaric splendor of that incredible court, pitched in tents like a gigantic circus on the outskirts of the city in the midst of the camp of gathering hordes of Tartars, until the rumors of the old Earthshaker's death, at the very moment that he was planning to add all Cathay to his dominions, sent them hurrying westward again, killing their horses in their haste, to Persia, where they were involved in the turmoil of a crumbling empire, and at last, escaping from the clash of rebel armies by a perilous detour through the fastnesses of Georgia, to Trebizond and Christendom once more. To San Lucar in Spain the survivors of that embassy won back on the seventh of March, 1406, having been gone for two years and about nine months.

This was the story that the ambassador Clavijo, once he was back in the court of Castile, set himself to tell, putting down, exactly, everything he saw and did that seemed to him worthy of mention. He records the stages of his journey, the state of the roads and the surrounding country, how he was received, how he was lodged, what he had to eat. He describes the architecture and the appearance of the cities through which he passed. He gives incomparable pictures of the anarchy of Asia Minor, of the administration of the Tartar Empire, of Tamerlane's great system of post roads, and of the fantastic court of that great conqueror, the gargantuan eating and drinking, the Oriental magnificence, the prodigality of means, the ruthless speed and efficiency of achievement.

Tamerlane shouting encouragement to the workmen on a palce he was in a hurry to build (he was always in a hurry), and bringing them food with his own hands, appears less like the Arabian Nights figure of legend and more like some railroading empire builder of our own Middle West; one perceives the reason for the strength of the man and the weakness of what he built. And whatever Clavijo recounts, he does so with a clearness and vivacity of detail that are their own guarantee of truth. For instance, on the way to Samarkand the Spaniards were joined by the ambassadors of the Sultan of Cairo, bearing gifts to Tamerlane, and among these gifts a curious animal, a "beast called the Jornufa . . . strangely made and after a fashion unknown to us. This animal has a body as big as a horse but with an extremely long neck. . . ." But he saw stranger things than giraffes. He saw merchants from farther India at Samarkand and the ambassadors of the Emperor of Cathay, and wrote down what he heard of those far lands, their wealth, and the skill of their artisans, in his book. Whatever might be thought of Marco Polo, here was evidence that the Castilian court was obliged to take seriously. Perhaps it is not fantastic to believe that his record may have influenced the grand-daughter of the king he served to gamble on another adventurer, and one may trace a connection between Clavijo and Columbus. At any rate, in Professor Merriman's words, "the embassy of Clavijo will always be remembered as an early proof of the Spaniard's passion for adventure in distant lands"; and the story of it makes fascinating reading.

Clavijo's book has not enjoyed the popularity it deserves. The only English translation up to now has been that of Clements Markham, brought out by the Hakluyt Society in 1859, and that has long been scarce. It is entirely superseded by the present edition. No one who has not at least a nodding acquaintance with the difficulties of the medieval geography of Asia can begin to appreciate the patient, accurate scholarship, the long hard toil, the constant critical alertness implied by the present edition. The translator has made use of Sreznevski's edition of Clavijo (St. Petersburg, 1881), of the wealth of monographic and periodical literature now available on Central Asia, and of researches in the Madrid National Library which have brought to light manuscripts of Clavijo's narrative hitherto unknown; his own extensive knowledge of most of the territory covered from first hand observation as well as from long study has doubtless been invaluable to him. His notes are concise, illuminating, and authoritative; without cumbersome display—they occupy only twenty-five pages—and designed merely to be useful to the general reader, they contrive to be models of scholarship and good sense. The volume is attractively printed and adequately provided with simple, clear maps. Its publication is a boon alike to the special student of Central Asian geography and history and to the unscholarly reader to whom the romance of other times and strange places makes appeal. The present edition should find many such readers. For Clavijo's is an immortal book.

When Men Betray

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS GLASGOW in this "comedy of morals" has again proved her right to be regarded as perhaps the leading woman novelist of America. No one of our female writers has her wit, her ironical insight into the foibles of human nature, her ability to reduce to an epigram the findings of her penetrating insight. Few of the men writing our novels are her peers, and no one of them surpasses her in the beautiful precision of a style which conceals its artistry under its art. She has discernment and wisdom, a detachment which permits her to watch the human comedy with amusement, and a sympathy which while it takes nothing of incisiveness from her comment leaves it always without trace of bitterness. She is, in short a delectable novelist, one whose intelligence is always tempered by her humor, and whose humor is always in fee to her understanding.

This is not to say that "They Stooped to Folly" is a completely successful book. Curiously enough

Caricature of D. H. Lawrence, by Scheel

its faults lie chiefly in its failure adequately to realize its female characters. While Miss Glasgow has made her Mr. Littlepage walk the pages of her novel a Southern gentleman to the life, with both the defects and the merits of his virtues, with a faith in the standards of the past and a pathetic puzzlement as to the freedom of the present alike convincing and persuasive, she has drawn her Victoria and Mary Victoria, the mother good as involuntarily as the rose is fragrant, and the daughter wearing the patent of nobleness with conscious determination, too much to an ideal pattern. Where Mr. Littlepage speaks and moves with the accent and the gait of reality, his wife and daughter are born of the novelist's pen. Aunt Agatha, too, who stooped to folly in a day when to decline from the upright was to retire to unresenting self-effacement, Mrs. Dalrymple who sinned lightly and continued to bank heavily on her womanly charms, have something of lay figures about them. Milly alone, poor Milly, so imprudent in her love, so passionate in her despair, so exuberant in her liberation from the fetters of her infatuation, Milly alone of the women of the book is a vividly veracious figure. Completely of her day and her generation, she is at once the exemplar and the justification of youth in revolt against the despotism of facts and militant in its assertion of the right to happiness.

"The world," in the much quoted words of Horace Walpole, "is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel." To the critical intelligence of an Ellen Glasgow there cannot be other than comedy in a situation such as that which involves her characters, in an order of existence which allows a Mary Victoria to claim justification on the highest moral grounds for her marriage to the lover she has been asked to retrieve for Milly, which makes the father who has attempted to enlist his daughter's services in behalf of his secretary the unwitting instrument of fresh misery for the girl he would have befriended, which shows the object of two women's devotion driven to desperation by surfeit of affection and cherishing. To the quick humanity of an Ellen Glasgow, however, there cannot but also be tragedy in the quagmire of human relationships, and it is the saving compassion of her reaction to the embroilments of circumstance which lends significance to her interpretation. Miss Glasgow's art is a circumscribed one, but within its limits it is admirable. It has charm, it has brilliance, and that indefinable distinction which to possess is to be of those who grace, not follow, literature. The savor of her writing lingers.

A Modern McTeague

HUNKY. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. R. BURNETT
Author of "Little Cæsar"

THERE hasn't been a figure like Jencic, the hunky, in American letters since Frank Norris's McTeague. Jencic, like McTeague, is big, simple, credulous, slow-witted; he is essentially a child, slow to anger, taking all manner of rebuffs in spite of his physical superiority, but terrible when finally aroused. He works in a bakery, first as a roustabout and later, due to the efforts of his friend, Krusack, the master baker, he climbs to helper, then second baker. He is clumsy and dull, but once he learns something he retains it. He is loyal and kind. He is easily imposed upon and forgives swiftly. He is a pathetic and vivid figure. Asked by his friend Krusack to describe a certain man he says: "As for that . . . well, he was just a man, and not so big as me, that's all." The essence of character is in that commonplace remark. Mr. Williamson knows what he is doing with Jencic.

But the rest of the book is mediocre. Having conceived Jencic, a wholly original and living figure, it seems that Mr. Williamson exhausted his powers as a novelist and was forced to fall back on the well-known dodges of the trade. For the plot of "Hunky" is of the obvious movie type, with Jencic in the rôle of the naive, good, imposed-on hero; Louie Bedin, an iron moulder, a small, dapper, tached, perfumed sheik in the rôle of villain; Teena, who works in the bakery and has a bad reputation, as the vamp-heroine, who, so the concluding portion of the book would lead you to believe, is saved by the immense love and loyalty of Jencic. Further, the book has no inevitability about it. You do not feel that you are watching the unfolding of a few lives as they naturally would unfold, given character and situation; you feel that the author is pulling his characters about, making them do things they wouldn't do, in order either to prove something (just what, I don't know), or to make an interesting and dramatic story.

Mr. Williamson is peculiarly unfortunate with his woman, Teena. It is quite clear to the reader what he is trying to do with her, but he doesn't succeed in doing it. She rings false from cover to cover. The things she says do not arise from what she is, but from what the author wants her to say. This is true in a lesser degree of all the other characters with the exception of Jencic.

And there are minor discrepancies. The setting of the book is of the present and in a big city of some kind. Yet Jencic works as a laborer for the sum of $6 a week and is overjoyed when he is raised to $9 and at last, when he becomes second baker, a position of some responsibility, is stupefied by a salary of $15. Not only that. He lives quite comfortably on what he makes and manages not only to drink whiskey at $3 a quart, but to save $500. I made some investigations into wage scales after reading "Hunky" and the lowest salary figure I could find for laborers was 35 cents an hour or $3.50 per day. Some laborers are drawing as high as 60 cents. This may seem like petty cavilling, but Mr. Williamson is dealing avowedly with contemporary life in a realistic way and should have his facts right. More than that, Mr. Williamson shows a surprising unfamiliarity with American slang. In "Hunky" the slang term "wop" is used to denote successively an Irishman, a hunky, and a fool. "Wop" has a restricted meaning; it means "Italian," and nothing else. There are other discrepancies in the language used.

Viewed from the standpoint of literature, "Hunky" is just another book, made more interesting than most by a single, authentic figure, but spoiled, as many books are spoiled, by a lack of

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craftsmanship and an imperfect knowledge of the life written about. Frank Norris's "McTeague," a somewhat similar book, which should be considered an American classic but is generally relegated to cheap editions with Wild West stories and detective fiction, rings true from beginning to end; "Hunky" does not.

The Two George Sands

THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF GEORGE SAND. Edited and Translated by MARIE JENNEY HOWE. New York: The John Day Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALRERT FEUILLERAT

THOSE who expect to find in the "Intimate Journal" of George Sand some sensational revelation about the love affair of that famous lady with Alfred de Musset will be disappointed. The diary that goes by that title, and which comes from the collection of Viscount Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, was published in France in 1926. But most of its twenty-seven pages had already been used by several critics, notably, to quote only a few, by Mariéton, Arvède, Barine, Rocheblave, Wladimir Karenine. Paul de Musset, for his own part, including several pages in "Lui et Elle." Nothing important apparently remained for future gleaners. And I, for one, cannot regret this lack of novelty. For it is evident that the "Journal" was written for the mystification of Musset. It represents what George Sand wanted her lover to believe —or, maybe, what she herself wanted to believe— rather than that which actually happened. It is certainly one of the documents that contribute to thicken the obscurity of the story. There is only one good point about this final publication: it precludes further speculation as to the contents of that much discussed "Journal."

Much more interesting to the biographer of George Sand are the other two sections of the book: a scrap book in which George Sand entered miscellaneous matter, poems, letters, notes etc., and the "Daily Conversations with the Very Learned and Highly Skilled Doctor Piffoël," another journal being supposed to relate the secret talks of the author with herself—Piffoël being the nickname adopted by George among her friends. Here, probably because she did not intend these pages for publication, the author was her simple self and did not resort to that manipulation of the facts which we cannot help suspecting in the "Intimate Journal." And as we listen to those soliliquies we distinguish, emphasized as it never had been before, a side of George Sand's personality which we are too often apt to lose sight of.

For there were two women in George Sand: the one, a passionate woman, impatient of restraint, ever striving after some impossible ideal, a lover who could never fulfil her love, a reformer who built a new society upon mere illusions of her benevolent heart, always disappointed but always aspiring, living a life of constant exaltation; the other, a sensible woman, clear-sighted and practical, courageously struggling with the hardships of life, a perfect housewife, motherly with her lovers as well as with her children, a *bourgeoise* to the fingertips—the George Sand who exasperated Musset when she would break away from his most exalted moods, quietly sit at her desk and write with the regularity of an office clerk, because she wanted to make the pot of the *ménage* boil, the George Sand also whose advice was often sought for by her friends in matters practical as well as literary.

It is this remarkably well-poised woman that the major part of the present volume brings out. One is surprised to see how rational the author of "Lelia" could be, as revealed in these pages covering a long period from 1837 (just a few years after the stormy Musset affair) to 1868, when old, but a confirmed optimist, George Sand could cast a serene look upon her past and attempt a definition of happiness. When talking to herself she could philosophize in the coolest manner concerning that very passion of love which so strangely distracted her in the publicity of daily life, and she then unflinchingly saw the unromantic undersides in the duel of the sexes. She who was a rebel against all social conventions had a singularly sane conception of the relation of parents and children and of what efficient education should be. The passages in which she criticizes certain writers, the pages for instance on Hoffmann, those on "Obermann" (omitted, I do not know why, in the present translation) reveal an extraordinary mental acumen; and she evinced the same depth of insight when she spoke of her own works, as witness the detachment with which she balanced the qualities and defects of "Lelia." Had she devoted herself to literary criticism George Sand might have been another Sainte-Beuve.

The whole life and career of George Sand can be explained by this dualism in her nature. In her youth, the passionate, rebellious woman, still exasperated by the pose of the time, predominated, and then we have the familiar George Sand of the early novels and of the social novels, which are like so many convulsions of her fiery soul. Then, when age and experience told upon her, the sensible, quiet woman little by little came uppermost. The capricious lover was turned into a lovable granny, a gentle extoller of that serener form of love: pity. The communist in politics settled down into a conventional, most respectable woman of society. In literature the reconciliation between the two contending sides found its perfect expression in the rustic novels. There the early George Sand is still felt through the idealistic atmosphere with which she surrounds her creations; but what probably was the real George Sand now triumphs in the peaceful, optimistic conception of life and in the surety with which she dissects man's soul. We knew that George Sand was a genius; we did not, perhaps, realize so clearly how rich and truly sane was the artistic nature of that writer whose misfortune it was to fall under the spell of the Romantic intoxication.

Soviet Days

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST UNDERGRADUATE. By N. OGNYOV. Translated by ALEXANDER WERTH. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE sequel to the "Diary of a Communist Schoolboy" is interesting, but like many such second efforts, not quite so good as the first fresh story. The author, N. Ognyov, has to meet the difficulty of all such attempts to carry on a hero's earlier adventures, and the special difficulty, in this case, that the age and *milieu* represented —that of a soviet university and of a young man, psychologically fumbling — are much harder to handle in brief diary jottings than were the comparatively simple experiences of a Communist schoolboy.

Certain peculiarities of Soviet psychology still further sharpen these difficulties. The undergraduate cannot permit himself to be sentimental about girls, or the "beauties of nature," or keen about sport, or yield to all sorts of enthusiasms normal to ordinary young men in "capitalist" societies, without betraying an "ideological taint" and revealing a "*petit bourgeois* mentality." His life, therefore, is likely to seem, to the western reader, unless the latter knows enough of contemporary Russia to create his scene and atmosphere for himself as he goes along, to be flopping about in a sort of vacuum, with little warmth or reality.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the diary is peppered with quick thrusts; in a sentence of two, years of revolutionary storm and whole chapters of sociological analysis are summed up in a flash.

"Very well!" cries one of the "bourgeois" young flappers who try to teach the young Communist to dance to a gramaphone, and whom he accusses of being engaged in a "stupid and anti-revolutionary pastime," "Very well! But remember that I believe in God and the fox-trot! And no one—do you hear, young Communist?—no one can stop me!"

Kostya, who has been sleeping on a bench in the park and having a hard time to get enough to eat, is invited to dinner by one of his classmates, Koruntsev, and the latter's uncle.

> Although I have been suspicious of Koruntsev for the past weeks (he writes), I don't think he has really done anything anti-proletarian for which he ought to be tried. So when he asked me to dinner yesterday, I saw nothing wrong in it, and went. Of course, Koruntsev is ideologically somewhat inconsistent, and, strictly speaking, his views are tainted with a petty bourgeois spirit; but after all, one has to study this spirit before starting a fight against it. I realize quite well that this path is a dangerous one, and, if one is not careful enough, it can lead one to opportunism, passivity, and even Menshivism. To resist this, one has to watch one's self very carefully all the time, and then it's all right. . . .

Here, the author is able to tell, in diary form, a long story of a seventeen-year-old's struggle and wavering between his natural instincts and the "principles," which, as he says in another place, "are the main question so far as I am concerned." But it is a hard trick, and as already suggested, it often doesn't come off.

This is brought out in rather striking fashion by the letter from the boy's teacher which ends the book. Nikpetozh was one of those members of the old intelligentsia who have adapted themselves more or less successfully to the new order. He loved Russia, genuinely believed that there was good and beauty in the Revolution, despite its crimes, faults, and failures, and desperately tried to give to it his intellectually trained mind. It was a hard job and Moscow got the better of him. He couldn't seem to fit, developed "nerves," began to see a giant spider sitting in the middle of his room, always waiting and watching for him. Kastya, with the help of a friend, who tended sheep in the summer in order to save a little for his winter at the university, got the harried teacher a job as a mail-driver on one of the rural postal routes that make a circuit of the remoter villages.

"A vast expanse of snow" the latter wrote several months afterward, from somewhere in the far north,

> and here I am on my sledge, gliding along from village to village. But don't think that all this snow and spaciousness around me has put me into a lyrical mood! I haven't time for it. I've got to ponder over all the questions the village folks put to me . . . the Revolution and the radio, which the Revolution has brought to the villages, have turned rural Russia upside down . . . the village folks argue—some of them for, others against the Government—but in any case, they argue! And arguing means thinking! And thinking means—growth! . . . It's late. My temporary landlords are asleep, and a solitary little electric lamp is twinkling on a table before me. Surely that's a miracle! To think that in a savage, out-of-the-way corner like this there can be an electric lamp instead of the usual taper! But they've already become used to their electric light, and that isn't really the important point. . . . I told you I wasn't in a lyrical mood. But that isn't really true. When I see the blue outline of a wood against the snowy horizon, and somewhere in the distance the lights of a factory, and when the little horse pulls the sledge through the deep snow, with the driver and myself, and mail-bags full of complaints and applications and facts and orders and information and money, I suddenly have a dim vision of my home country, and I sometimes whisper to myself:
>
> "'Onward, dear Russia, onward!'
>
> "Strange, isn't it? On the whole, I'm happy. Good-bye."

Why does this seem so warm and real as contrasted with much of the rest of the book? For several reasons. For one, because here the individual is living and breathing in an understandable scene, real to the American reader as a Montana ranch. For another, because here the author himself is simply letting himself go, in a mood which, plainly, might be his own. It is an "American" mood—Nikpetozh might be any A.R.A. relief worker driving his sledge from one village kitchen to another, a day or two out from Samara or Orenburg. Maybe the author of these diaries, himself, is "tainted with a petty bourgeois spirit" which comes through here, in spite of him!

The Convocation of Canterbury and York, have both given sanction to the proposal of the bishops to permit the use of parts of the revised Prayer-book of 1928, twice rejected by Parliament. It may be remembered that the bishops recommended as a temporary measure to meet a situation of great difficulty that, with certain specified safeguards and exceptions, it should be permissible to use "such deviations from and additions to the book of 1662 as fall within the limits of the book of 1928." At the same time the bishops gave a pledge to suppress practices which are consistent with neither book.

For the third year in succession the Newdigate Prize has been awarded to a girl undergraduate. This year's winner is Miss Phyllis M. Hartnoll, of St. Hugh's College.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6, No. 2.
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The Dutch Background

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE. By MAJORIE BOWEN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

EVEN prophets who come from foreign lands do not always receive the honor that is their due. When William of Orange made his royal entrance into England, people in many quarters were horrified by his manners. He was dubbed a Low Dutch Bear. He was accused of having eaten a whole dish of the first spring peas without offering a spoonful to Princess Anne who sat at table with him. He was reviled because he had no taste or understanding for the literature of his new subjects. His inelegant diction annoyed them, and his pronunciation shocked the fastidious. After all, these critics had forgotten that they had invited a foreigner to rule them.

Historians who, in later times, have written of King William, have been guilty, in many instances, of the same oversight. Few of them have had the sense of Macaulay who acknowledged the Prince's gaucheries, remembered his qualities, and remarked: "He was in truth far better qualified to save a nation than to adorn a court." Instead, once they have William safely landed on English soil they have expected him to behave as gallantly as a full blooded Stuart, only, of course, a democratic one. But a Stuart and an Englishman, William certainly was not. Neither the circumstances attending his birth and early years nor his own inclinations would have permitted that.

He was Dutch to the core and continental in his interests. In fact, it would have been strange had he been otherwise. His youth had been passed in securing his power in the United Netherlands and then in defending them against that most ambitious and determined of monarchs, Louis XIV. Before William became King of England, as Prince of Orange, he had had to risk his life, his future, and even, at one time, his own popularity to save his land. His entire youth had been spent in this struggle. His had been a life of hardship with little time, if any, for the gentler amenities of princely existence. And, at the close of his youth, he had been successful, saved his Dutch, and aided considerably in rescuing Europe too, for that matter, from the Louvois and Vauban trained forces of the French King. This had been the education of the man who became William III of England, and this, in brief, is the theme of "William, Prince of Orange," written by Majorie Bowen.

The book is doubly welcome. It is a work of real merit and presents an almost unique interpretation of its subjects. Too often the studies of William have neglected the formative years to the period just preceding the Peace of Nimwegen. In this first volume, Miss Bowen has purposed to portray the Prince against his Dutch background, and she has succeeded admirably with clear judgment and no taint of hero worship. As one reads the story one is inclined to feel that her work has been indeed the labor of years. There is a minute attention to detail that is remarkable but that, at times, interferes with the lucidity of her narrative. Occasionally, there are long sentences that mar the general smoothness of her style. But these are minor faults.

Students of French as well as of English history would do well to read the book. The account of Franco-Dutch relations is detailed and interesting. It is good diplomatic history as well as good biography that Miss Bowen has written. Those who read this introductory study will await with interest the volumes that are to follow.

In the recent death of John Cotton Dana the American library world lost one of its most distinguished representatives. Mr. Dana, who had been a librarian for forty years, had been head of the Free Public Library at Newark since 1902, and during that period did much to bring the library into contact with community life. During recent years he had spent his efforts toward popularizing the museum as earlier he had the library. Mr. Dana is credited with having been the foremost figure in the campaign for open-shelf libraries. He was also the founder of the first special library department for children, having installed one in Denver, Col., when he was librarian there. He organized the first public library picture collection, and raised the standard of library printing. He was President of the American Library Association in 1895 and 1896.

The Bowling Green

A Letter of Welcome

FOR more than six years I have carried in my pocket a charming letter Francis Carlin wrote as a housewarming for the arrival of a young leprechaun—who is still too juvenile to appreciate it, but she will some day. Francis's letter is getting yellow and brittle in my wallet, so I think his gracious and tender message of hospitality should be printed here for preservation. I wish it might also inform him that I seem to have lost his address.

The recipient of his courtesies is now six and a half; she is not likely to smoke a pipe, but she will fully relish Francis's Celtic impishness.

Here is the letter of Welcome:—

At the Tavern of Time
February 20, 1923

My Dear Unknown Waiting For a Birthday:

Now that you are about to arrive into our temporal light from Beyond-the-Beyonds, and since we have no official Welcomer in this our Household (which is only as cold as we make it) I herewith put on the glad robes of that office, shake hands Chinese fashion as I only may, and offer you the hospitality of Earth, our Half Way House.

Out of the innumerable stellar Inns to which you might have gone, you are winning to ours; and as each new-comer to this our Hostel must needs be neighbor to every individual therein, it is the wish of the guests at the Sign of the Globe that you be fondly kissed for welcome's sake, affectionately cuddled for possession's sake, and lovingly caressed for your own dear sake.

All of these duties would be duly performed even if such wish were left unexpressed. I merely desire to prove to you that this Family of Many Folk is pleased at your oncoming, interested in your arrival, and solicitous for your welfare. If such were not proved to you now it would be difficult to do so once you had grown tall enough to face the facts and wise enough to figure them out. When that day comes you are earnestly advised to take the brotherly viewpoint as stated above, to which you shall the more easily arrive under the soothing influence of pipe and weed. (Feeling that I am rather presumptuous I therefore offer you an alternative—the dubious solace derived from a box of chocolates.)

Now that you are, you shall ever be. In other words, my dear little soul, you shall pass on in your time to another Household. Such has ever been the custom of the natives here since your forebearer, with cidery lip, was expelled from the Sign of the Apple by the Innkeeper.

May you never know the sweetness of a bitter tear, may you learn that a rainy day is never dull, and may you vision Nature as a sacramental of Beauty Itself. That you may live long in health on the green side of the grave, and that you may be welcomed in the Land of Otherwhere by Him Whose arms are ever outstretched to little ones, and to those who are as such.

With a knowingly mindful word to Himself and Herself I am,

Smilingly,
FRANCIS CARLIN

P. S. Answer, unlike yourself, not expected.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A REPORT FROM SOMERSET

Last evening I was sitting in my flat in London working over an Ordnance Survey map of Somerset planning a few days' trip. You see, I am editing a Collected Edition of the Works of Henry Adams in ten or a dozen volumes, and writing a book on the Adamses beside. The family descended from the immigrant Henry Adams, who lived over here in Barton St. David's and married a girl from the neighboring village of Charlton Mackrell, both in Somerset. Being a conscientious person (and also dead tired of the traffic on the Bayswater Road), I decided I must have a look at both these villages. While, as I say, I was planning my trip on the map, the butler (that sounds grand, but he costs a pound a week) handed me the *Saturday Review*, with the picture of the Priest's House at Muchelney (pronounced "Muckelney") and your dare for someone to go look at it and report.

Well, here I am, in an utterly unspoilt village (but not Muchelney, which is only a cluster of houses). Nothing has changed here since the nearby battle of Sedgemoor in 1685. My letter paper lets you into the secret, but if you publish the name of the inn or village may every curse befall you! May your mind fail you for copy; may you lose your job; may your pipe be full of nicotine gobs and never draw again!

This village is *perfect*. It is a haunt of ancient peace if there ever was one. It is utter peace. It all stopped in 1685—the lovely square with its gray stone houses, its market cross, and its church with an octagonal tower. I asked my host at the inn how old the hostelry might be. He said: "God knows. All *I* know is that the last time it was done over was in 1605, and," he added, "I don't mind saying it is about time a few things about it were done over again." I disagree. I have looked over the Visitors' Book from its first page and until our advent today there has been but one American here before—a lucky devil from Wilkesbarre. When we got here, late for luncheon, we were told it made no difference, and if we wanted some strawberries while we waited for a meal to be cooked, we could help ourselves in the garden—which we did, oh, how we did.

We had no car, but found a chap who is driving us about the country for a few days at sixpence a mile (the rates universally outside of this delectable spot are a shilling up). We have seen the Priest's House, miles and miles away (I will *not* locate where I am). I send you a much better picture of it than the one you published. It is as sweet a dwelling as you can imagine. It is rented to a literary gent, and although because it is owned by the National Trust I was told he could not refuse us admission, I refused to ask for it. A man who has got as near Heaven as that ought not to be intruded on. We stopped in his village a while however, visited the old abbey, and heard talk of Farmer This, and The Old Squire and The New Squire. Can't you see it all? Then why Hoboken?

There is no village at Muchelney, no shops or even post office that I discovered. There is a triangular green, in the middle of which is the old stone cross. On one side is the old abbey church and on another the priets's house, with a lovely garden in front of it, full of larkspur, Canterbury bells, and the usual gay mixture. A winding road from the green leads between a couple of barnyards a few hundred feet to the partially ruined Abbey buildings, long used as a farmhouse, but now bought by the government and being sensibly restored, i. e., a long rubble wall is being dug out and is revealing the lovely old cloisters which had been completely built and plastered over. The whole place stands on one of the so-called "islands" in the Somerset marshes, though drainage and summer weather reveals no marsh now. You will find a page or two about it in Hutton's "Highways and Byways of Somerset."

I suppose after another year we shall have to go back to the States, but after spending a good part of the last six here, besides many earlier visits, the prospect grows more and more formidable. There is no use arguing it. Something in me clings to English ways and the English country and English peace and beauty, and you might as well tell an oyster that you tear off his beloved rock that all the oysters are much more efficient where you are going to him. It isn't *his* rock, and he doesn't care about efficie and it won't be many years before he will be eaten anyway, and that is all there is about it. An oyster should thank the Oyster-God that he can cling to the rock that suits him, and enjoy the wash of the tides and such things as float past him without knowing or caring what flag floats above him. After all, "nationalism" is only the wash of the tide these last two or three centuries, and some day we oysters can be happy again on any rock we choose without being "unpatriotic."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is excellent to know that readers of this journal have, on the average, available capital of over 50,000. Not $, however, but words. For, as Mr. C. K. Ogden said in his article on "Basic English" (issue of July 20) "To read an ordinary issue of the *Saturday Review* with profit, a vocabulary of over 50,000 words is implied."

It appears that to facilitate international communion Mr. Ogden and others have stewed down the English lingo to a bouillon of less than 1000 words with which all essential ideas can be conveyed. It's an interesting list; it would be fun to go spooring in the jungle of thought with Mr. Ogden's little knapsack and see how far we could get. The very first comment that struck me was that while the word *Jewish* is included in the Basic Vocabulary, *Christian* is not, nor any other sectarian adjective. Surely that is a weakness in a list intended to be œcumenical?

But the scheme is too interesting for merely superficial remark. I note that copyright in the vocabulary is said to be reserved, which presents some quaint legal problems. I should rather like to offer a reward for the best contribution using all the words in Mr. Ogden's list, and no others.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Recent correspondence in the London *Times* reveals the fact that both Lord Rosebery and Sir Walter Scott wrote sermons. Two of Lord Rosebery's were actually preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the famous "Billy" Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's. Sir Walter Scott wrote his for a young student for the ministry who had to produce two sermons before his presbytery. However, they were never used for the purpose for which they were written.

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A Sport of Noble Minds

BOTH the detective story proper and the pure tale of horror are very ancient in origin. All native folk-lore has its ghost tales, while detective stories are to be found in the Jewish Apocrypha, Herodotus, and the Æneid. But, whereas the tale of horror has flourished in practically every age and country, the detective story has had a spasmodic history, appearing here and there in faint, tentative sketches and episodes, until it suddenly burst into magnificent flower in the middle of the last century.

Between 1840 and 1845 the wayward genius of Edgar Allan Poe (himself a past master of the horrible) produced five tales, in which the general principles of the detective story were laid down for ever. In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and, with a certain repulsive facetiousness, in "Thou Art the Man" he achieved the fusion of the two distinct *genres* and created what we may call the story of mystery, as distinct from pure detection on the one hand and pure horror on the other. In this fused *genre*, the reader's blood is first curdled by some horrible and apparently inexplicable murder or portent; the machinery of detection is then brought in to solve the mystery and punish the murderer. Since Poe's time all three branches—detection, mystery, and horror—have flourished. We have such pleasant little puzzles as Conan Doyle's "Case of Identity," in which there is nothing to shock or horrify; we have mere fantasies of blood and terror—human, as in Conan Doyle's "The Case of Lady Sannox," or supernatural, as in Marion Crawford's "The Upper Berth"; most satisfactory of all, perhaps, we have such fusions as "The Speckled Band," or "The Hammer of God," in which the ghostly terror is invoked only to be dispelled.

* * *

It is rather puzzling that the detective story should have had to wait so long to find a serious exponent. Having started so well, why did it not develop earlier?

It may be, as Mr. E. M. Wrong has suggested in a brilliant little study, that throughout this early period "a faulty law of evidence was to blame, for detectives cannot flourish until the public has an idea of what constitutes proof, and while a common criminal procedure is arrest, torture, confession, and death." One may go further, and say that, though crime stories might, and did, flourish, the detective story proper could not do so until public sympathy had veered round to the side of law and order. It will be noticed that, on the whole, the tendency in early crime literature is to admire the cunning and astuteness of the criminal. This must be so while the law is arbitrary, oppressive, and brutally administered.

We may note that, even today, the full blossoming of the detective stories is found among the Anglo-Saxon races. It is notorious that an English crowd tends to side with the policeman in a row. The British legal code, with its tradition of "sportsmanship" and "fair play for the criminal," is particularly favorable to the production of detective fiction, allowing, as it does, sufficient rope to the quarry to provide a ding-dong chase, rich in up-and-down incident. In France, also, though the street policeman is less honored than in England, the detective force is admirably organized and greatly looked up to. France has a good output of detective stories, though considerably smaller than that of the English-speaking races. In the Southern States of Europe the law is less loved and the detective story less frequent. We may not unreasonably trace a connection here.

* * *

Before tracing further the history of detective fiction, let us look a little more closely at those five tales of Poe's, in which so much of the future development is anticipated. Probably the first thing that strikes us is that Poe has struck out at a blow the formal outline on which a large section of detective fiction has been built up. In the three Dupin stories we have the formula of the eccentric and brilliant private detective whose doings are chronicled by an admiring and thick-headed friend. From Dupin and his unnamed chronicler springs a long and distinguished line: Sherlock Holmes and his Watson; Martin Hewitt and his Brett; Raffles and his Bunny (on the criminal side of the business, but of the same breed); Thorndyke and his various Jardines, Ansteys, and Jervises; Hanaud and his Mr. Ricardo; Poirot and his Captain Hastings; Philo Vance and his Van Dine. It is not surprising that this formula should have been used so largely, for it is obviously a very convenient one for the writer. For one thing, the admiring satellite may utter expressions of eulogy which would be unbecoming in the mouth of the author, gaping at his own colossal intellect. Again, the reader, even if he is not, in R. L. Stevenson's phrase, "always a man of such vastly greater ingenuity than the writer," is usually a little more ingenious than Watson. He sees a little further through the brick wall; he pierces, to some extent, the cloud of mystification with which the detective envelops himself. "Aha!" he says to himself, "the average reader is supposed to see no further than Watson. But the author has not reckoned with me. I am one too many for him." He is deluded. It is all a device of the writer's for flattering him and putting him on good terms with himself. For though the reader likes to be mystified, he also likes to say, "I told you so," and "I spotted that." And this leads us to the third great advantage of the Holmes-Watson convention: by describing the clues as presented to the dim eyes and bemused mind of Watson, the author is enabled to preserve a spurious appearance of frankness, while keeping to himself the special knowledge on which the interpretation of those clues depends. This is a question of paramount importance, involving the whole artistic ethic of the detective story.

As regards plot also, Poe laid down a number of sound keels for the use of later adventurers. Putting aside his instructive excursions into the psychology of detection—instructive, because we can trace their influence in so many of Poe's successors down to the present day—putting these aside, and discounting that atmosphere of creepiness which Poe so successfully diffused about nearly all he wrote, we shall probably find that to us, sophisticated and trained on an intensive study of detective fiction, his plots are thin to transparency. But in Poe's day they represented a new technique. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether there are more than half a dozen deceptions in the mystery-monger's bag of tricks, and we shall find that Poe has got most of them, at any rate in embryo.

Now, with "The Gold Bug" at the one extreme and "Marie Rogêt" at the other, and the other three stories occupying intermediate places, Poe stands at the parting of the ways for detective fiction. From him go the two great lines of development—the Romantic and the Classic, or, to use terms less abraded by ill-usage, the purely Sensational and the purely Intellectual. In the former, thrill is piled on thrill and mystification on mystification; the reader is led on from bewilderment to bewilderment, till everything is explained in a lump in the last chapter. This school is strong in dramatic incident and atmosphere; its weakness is a tendency to confusion and a dropping of links—its explanations do not always explain; it is never dull, but it is sometimes nonsense. In the other—the purely intellectual type—the action mostly takes place in the first chapter or so; the detective then follows up quietly from clue to clue till the problem is solved, the reader accompanying the great man in his search and being allowed to try his own teeth on the material provided. The strength of this school is its analytical ingenuity; its weakness is its liability to dulness and pomposity, its mouthing over the infinitely little, and its lack of movement and emotion.

* * *

In 1887 "A Study in Scarlet" was flung like a bombshell into the field of detective fiction, to be followed within a few short and brilliant years by the marvellous series of Sherlock Holmes short stories. The effect was electric. Conan Doyle took up the Poe formula and galvanized it into life and popularity. He cut out the elaborate psychological introductions, or restated them in crisp dialogue. He brought into prominence what Poe had only lightly touched upon—the deduction of staggering conclusions from trifling indications in the Dumas-Cooper-Gaboriau manner. He was sparkling, surprising, and short. It was the triumph of the epigram.

So, with Sherlock Holmes, the ball—the original nucleus deposited by Edgar Allan Poe nearly forty years earlier—was at last set rolling. As it went, it swelled into a vast mass—it set off others—it became a spate—a torrent—an avalanche of mystery fiction. It is impossible to keep track of all the detective stories produced today. Book upon book, magazine upon magazine pour out from the press crammed with murders, thefts, arsons, frauds, conspiracies, problems, puzzles, mysteries, thrills, maniacs, crooks, poisoners, forgers, garrotters, police, spies, secret-service men, detectives, until it seems that half the world must be engaged in setting riddles for the other half to solve.

The uncritical are still catered for by the "thriller," in which nothing is explained, but connoisseurs have come, more and more, to call for a story which puts them on an equal footing with the detective himself, as regards all clues and discoveries.

Seeing that the demand for equal opportunities is coupled today with an insistence on strict technical accuracy in the smallest details of the story, it is obvious that the job of writing detective stories is by no means growing easier. The reader must be given every clue—but he must not be told, surely, all the detective's deductions, lest he should see the solution too far ahead. Worse still, supposing, even without the detective's help, he interprets all the clues accurately on his own account, what becomes of the surprise? How can we at the same time show the reader everything and yet legitimately obfuscate him as to its meaning?

Various devices are used to get over the difficulty. Frequently, the detective, while apparently displaying his clues openly, will keep up his sleeve some bit of special knowledge which the reader does not possess. Another method of misleading, is to tell the reader what the detective has observed and deduced—but to make the observations and deductions turn out to be incorrect, thus leading up to a carefully manufactured surprise packet in the last chapter.

Some writers, like Mrs. Agatha Christie, still cling to the Watson formula. The story is told through the mouth, or at least, through the eyes, of a Watson. Others, like A. A. Milne in his "Red House Mystery," adopt a mixed method. Mr. Milne begins by telling his tale from a position of a detached spectator; later on, we find that he has shifted round, and is telling it through the personality of Bill Beverley (a simple-minded but not unintelligent Watson); at another moment we find ourselves actually looking through the eyes of Anthony Gillingham, the detective himself.

In its severest form, the mystery story is a pure analytical exercise, and, as such, may be a highly finished work of art, within its highly artificial limits. There is one respect, at least, in which the detective story has an advantage over every other kind of novel. It possesses an Aristotelian perfection of beginning, middle, and end. A definite and single problem is set, worked out, and solved; its conclusion is not arbitrarily conditioned by marriage or death. It has the rounded (though limited) perfection of a triolet. The farther it escapes from pure analysis, the more difficulty it has in achieving artistic unity.

It does not, and by hypothesis, never can, attain the loftiest level of literary achievement. Though it deals with the most desperate effects of rage, jealousy, and revenge, it rarely touches the heights and depths of human passion. It presents us only with the *fait accompli*, and looks upon death and mutilation with a dispassionate eye. It does not show us the inner workings of the murderer's mind—it must not; for the identity of the murderer is hidden until the end of the book. The victim is shown rather as a subject for the dissecting table than as husband and father. A too violent emotion flung into the glittering mechanism of the detective story jars the movement by disturbing its delicate balance. The most successful writers are those who contrive to keep the story running from beginning to end upon the same emotional level, and it is better to err in the direction of too little feeling than too much. Here, the writer whose detective is a member of the official force has an advantage; from him a detached attitude is correct; he can suitably retain the impersonal attitude of the surgeon. The sprightly amateur must not be sprightly all the time, lest at some point we should be reminded that this is, after

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by Dorothy L. Sayers

all, a question of somebody's being foully murdered, and that flippancy is indecent. To make the transition from the detached to the human point of view in one of the writer's hardest tasks. It is especially hard when the murderer has been made human and sympathetic. A real person has then to be brought to the gallows, and this must not be done too lightheartedly. Mr. G. K. Chesterton deals with the problem by merely refusing to face it. His Father Brown (who looks at sin and crime from the religious point of view) retires from the problem before the arrest is reached. He is satisfied with a confession. The sordid details take place "off." Other authors permit sympathetic villains to commit suicide. Monsters of villainy can, of course, be brought to a bad end without compunction; but modern taste rejects monsters, therefore, the modern detective story is compelled to achieve a higher level of writing, and a more competent delineation of character. As the villain is allowed more good streaks in his composition, so the detective must achieve a tenderer human feeling beneath his frivolity or machine-like efficiency.

One fettering convention from which detective fiction is only very slowly freeing itself, is that of the "love interest." Publishers and editors still labor under the delusion that all stories must have a nice young man and woman who have to be united in the last chapter. As a result, some of the finest detective stories are marred by a conventional love story, irrelevant to the action and perfunctorily worked in.

The instances in which the love story is an integral part of the plot are extremely rare. One very beautiful example occurs in "The Moonstone." Here the entire plot hangs on the love of two women for Franklin Blake. E. C. Bentley in "Trent's Last Case," has dealt finely with the still harder problem of the detective in love. Trent's love for Mrs. Manderson is a legitimate part of the plot; while it does not prevent him from drawing the proper conclusion from the evidence before him, it does prevent him from acting upon his conclusions, and so prepares the way for the real explanation. Incidentally, the love story is handled artistically and with persuasive emotion.

In the "House of the Arrow," and, still more strikingly, in "No Other Tiger," A. E. W. Mason has written stories of strong detective interest which at the same time have the convincing psychological structure of the novel of character. The characters are presented as a novelist presents them—romantically, it is true, but without that stark insistence on classifying and explaining which turns the persons of the ordinary detective story into a collection of museum exhibits.

Apart from such unusual instances as these, the less love in a detective story, the better. "*L'amour au theâtre,*" says Racine, "*ne peut pas être en seconde place,*" and this holds good of detective fiction. A casual and perfunctory love story is worse than no love story at all and, since the mystery must, by hypothesis, take the first place, the love is better left out.

Lynn Brock's "The Deductions of Colonel Gore" affords a curious illustration of this truth. Gore sets out, animated by an unselfish devotion to a woman, to recover some compromising letters for her, and, in so doing, becomes involved in unravelling an intricate murder plot. As the story goes on, the references to the beloved woman become chillier and more perfunctory; and not only does the author seem to have lost interest, but so does Colonel Gore. At length the author notices this, and explains it in a paragraph:

> There were moments when Gore accused himself—or, rather, felt that he ought to accuse himself—of an undue coldbloodedness in these speculations of his. The business was a horrible business. One ought to have been decently shocked by it. One ought to have been horrified by the thought that three old friends were involved in such a business.
>
> But the truth was—and his apologies to himself for that truth became feebler and feebler—that the thing had now so caught hold of him that he had come to regard the actors in it as merely pieces of a puzzle baffling and engrossing to the verge of monomania.

There is the whole difficulty about allowing real human beings into a detective story. At some point or other, either their emotions make hay of the detective interest, or the detective interest gets hold of them and makes their emotions look like pasteboard. It is, of course, a fact that we all adopt a detached attitude towards "a good murder" in the newspaper. Like Betteredge in "The Moonstone," we get "detective fever," and forget the victim in the fun of tracking the criminal. For this reason, it is better not to pitch the emotional key too high at the start; the inevitable drop is thus made less jarring.

Just at present, therefore, the fashion in detective fiction is to have characters credible and lively; not conventional, but, on the other hand, not too profoundly studied—people who live more or less on the *Punch* level of emotion. A little more psychological complexity is allowed than formerly; the villain may not be a villain from every point of view; the heroine, if there is one, is not necessarily pure; the falsely accused innocent need not be a sympathetic character. The automata—embodied vices and virtues—the weeping fair-haired girl—the stupid but manly young man with the biceps—even the colossally evil scientist with the hypnotic eyes—are all disappearing from the intellectual branch of the art to be replaced by figures having more in common with humanity.

We are now in a position to ask ourselves the favorite question of modern times: What next? Where is the detective story going? Has it a future? Or will the present boom see the end of it?

* * *

In early mystery fiction, the problem tends to be, *who* did the crime? At first, while readers were still unsophisticated, the formula of the Most Unlikely Person had a good run but the reader soon learnt to see through this. If there was a single person in the story who appeared to have no motive for the crime and who was allowed to amble through to the penultimate chapter free from any shadow of suspicion, that character became a marked man or woman. "I knew he must be guilty, because nothing was said about him," said the cunning reader. Thus we come to a new axiom laid down by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in a brilliant essay in the *New Statesman;* the real criminal must be suspected at least once in the course of the story. Once he is suspected, and then (apparently), cleared, he is made safe from future suspicion. This is the principle behind Mr. Wills Crofts's impregnable alibis, which are eventually broken down by painstaking enquiry. Probably the most baffling form of detective story is still that in which suspicion is distributed equally among a number of candidates, one of whom turns out to be guilty. Other developments of The Most Unlikely Person formula make the guilty person a juror at the inquest or trial; the detective himself; the counsel for the prosecution, and, as a supreme effort of unlikeliness, the actual narrator of the story. Finally, resort has been made to the double-cross, and the person originally suspected turns out to be the right person after all.

There are signs however, that the possibilities of the formula are becoming exhausted, and of late years much has been done in exploring the solution by the unexpected means. With recent discoveries in medical and chemical science, this field has become exceedingly fruitful, particularly in the provision of new methods of murder. It is fortunate for the mystery-monger, that, whereas up to the present there is only one known way of getting born, there are endless ways of getting killed.

* * *

The mystery-monger's principal difficulty is that of varying his surprises. "You know my methods, Watson," says the detective, and it is only too painfully true. The beauty of Watson was, of course, that after thirty years he still did not know Holmes's methods; but the average reader is sharper witted. After reading half-a-dozen stories by one author he is sufficiently advanced in Dupin's psychological method to see with the author's eyes. He knows that when Mr. Austin Freeman drowns somebody in a pond full of water snails, there will be something odd and localized about those snails; he knows that, when one of Mr. Wills Crofts's characters has a cast-iron alibi, the alibi will turn out to have holes in it; he knows that if Father Knox casts suspicion on a Papist the Papist will turn out to be innocent; instead of detecting the murderer, he is engaged in detecting the writer. That is why he gets the impression that the writer's later books are seldom or never "up to" his earlier efforts. He has become married to the writer's muse, and marriage has destroyed the mystery.

There certainly does seem a possibility that the detective story will sometime come to an end, simply because the public will have learnt all the tricks. But it has probably many years to go yet, and in the meantime, a new and less rigid formula will probably have developed, linking it more closely to the novel of manners and separating it more widely from the novel of adventure. The latter will, no doubt, last as long as humanity, and while crime exists, the crime thriller will hold its place. It is, as always, the higher type that is threatened with extinction.

At the present time the detective story is profiting by a reaction against novels of the static type. Mr. E. M. Forster is indeed left murmuring regretfully, "Yes, ah! Yes—the novel tells a story": but the majority of the public are rediscovering that fact with cries of triumph. Sexual abnormalities are suffering a slight slump at the moment; the novel of passion still holds the first place, especially among women, but even women seem to be growing out of the simple love story. Probably the cheerful cynicism of the detective tale suits better with the spirit of the times than the sentimentality which ends in wedding bells. For, make no mistake about it, the detective story is part of the literature of escape and not of expression. We read tales of domestic unhappiness because that is the kind of thing which happens to us; but when these things gall too close to the sore, we fly to mystery and adventure becau they do not, as a rule, happen to us. "The detecti story," says Philip Guedalla, "is the normal recre tion of noble minds."

Dorothy L. Sayers, author of the foregoing article, is herself the writer of a number of popular detective stories. Her essay in slightly different form will serve as the introduction to her collection of great short stories of detection, mystery, and horror, shortly to be issued by Payson and Clarke under the title of "The Omnibus of Crime." Her tales include "The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club," "Lord Peter Views the Body," "Dawson Pedigree," and "Clouds of Witnesses."

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Books of Special Interest

Human Reactions

GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY. By DR. WOLFGANG KÖHLER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THE suggestion on the jacket that this book establishes a theory of psychological relativity, is in point; though it should not arouse in the reader's mind the reaction so neatly phrased in the rejoinder of a young lady to a man of science who concluded his discourse with: "And that is my idea of relativity,"—her reply being "Well! I don't understand it, either." As a fact "Gestalt psychology," like relativity, has a fundamental importance, and the two are in so far alike that their purpose is to correct a concept which has both a practical and a more comprehensive theoretical interest.

Gestalt psychology as a psychology does not essay to compass the larger range of human motives, nor does it offer a comprehensive guide to the ordering of the mental life. It focuses upon one large, fundamental problem: namely, what is it that we react to and why does the reaction take the form that it does? What has been well called the matrix of the mental life is the field of sensation: in that field the position of the Gestalt concept is the correct one, that we react to all we see, hear, feel and sense, as organized wholes. What we call a "thing" and then give a name is a segregated whole, organized for our practical purposes. The meaning of Gestalt, though it might be translated as configuration, carries as its central idea, that of organized experience as the content of mental life.

Its practical reference, is this: that to determine correctly just what calls out our reactions will form a guide to the nature of the learning process, and through that to its control. The principle has a genetic value, since it would define why and how the child's world is different from that of the adult, and how the one grows into the other. The concept was applied to Professor Köhler's study of the mentality of apes and there proved fertile in interpretation. The conclusion both confers insight and erects a caution. The danger in misinterpreting the value of the I. Q. is precisely because different factors combine in various proportions to give the same I. Q.; and it may be—presumably is—more important to treat the child with regard to those factors than to the resulting I. Q. That would mean precisely that the Gestalt of the I. Q., its make up or configuration, is more significant than the actual quotient, which is merely a convenient, because measurable, index of intelligence.

Similarly things, names, situations are all organized wholes. And since so much of our experience is reshaped by its verbal form, we have the constant difficulty of translating from experience to statement and back again. The meaning of "green" includes its gestalt, it is gestalt. Green may be a safety signal, or an indication of unripeness, or have an esthetic value in nature, or even a national association; the word acquires a complexity above that of its reaction-value in a given situation. Thus when I "see green" or "see red," the experience may be anything,—all depending upon the richness of its context.

From the popular approach the question will arise as to the status of Gestalt as a rival psychology. In terms of the one formulation which is most misleading, that known as Behaviorism, Professor Köhler finds himself in the large company of the opposition. "I find myself with a profound aversion and guard against the behaviorist, or any other one-sided and impractical purism in science. Behavior is enormously rich in forms and nuances"; and what behaviorism does is to reject just that which makes behavior significant. This limitation of the Behaviorist is indicated in his naïve acceptance of the problem of stimulus and response, as though the formula contained the ingredients for a receipt. "Between the two terms of this circuit there is more *terra incognita* than was on the map of Africa sixty years ago," and it is in the exploration of that territory that Gestalt psychology forms a valuable guide. Behaviorism is misleading in that it tries to follow the plan of the natural sciences but does so unintelligently. It confuses what is measurable with what is significant; "it might be better for psychology if after listening to a very wholesome critical lesson from behaviorism, it returns to undertaking productive work with some naïveté, using all possible means which yield results."

In the larger and the better sense Professor Köhler, like substantially all his fellow psychologists, is a behaviorist; but he is equally a naturalist and finds the problem of behavior in the terms determined by nature, which includes the mental as well as the biological nature, and the former predominantly for human problems.

Gestalt psychology will leave untouched many of the difficult problems of psychic adjustment and control, though it never quite loses pertinence. Even in the Freudian range of psychological interests, which it leaves untouched, it may still be helpful to determine what causes abnormal fright in terms of the total Gestalt of the fright situation.

The value of Professor Köhler's contribution, though thus limited, is in its field comprehensive, and his conclusions are reinforced by a well balanced and logical treatment that maintains interest in what might otherwise be a dull subject. It is important to have this statement made available to English readers.

Fair Erin

IRELAND: The Rock Whence I Was Hewn. By DONN BYRNE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by DIETMUID C. RUSSELL

THIS is a readable book and a pleasant one. It might be considered as a guide to Ireland, but it is Ireland as Mr. Byrne visions it and he did not believe with W. B. Yeats that "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone." He found romance everywhere, in the fisherman of the West Coast, in the language, in the monuments and ruins. He was right, too, not to forget our Irish placenames, so beautiful in sound and meaning. Cahirnamallaght, the Fort of Cursing; Clogheracullion, the Stony Place of the Holly Bushes; Bennanilra, the Remote Place of the Eagle. To some of the author's other information and opinions I have to take dissent. He thought we owed our civilization partly to Roman missionaries, partly to the Danes. But there are in existence hundreds of pieces of bronze and gold metal work which no uncivilized race could have made and which archæologists date long before the Roman invasion of England.

I do not deny our civilization may have owed something to other civilizations, but it existed long before Rome had looked towards the British Isles. And his insinuation that Cuchulain was English because his other name Setanta was like that of a tribe in England, the Setantii, requires more proof than the mere mention of the coincidence. It is with some diffidence I suggest that the three Irish verbs to be—*is*, *ta*, and *bi*—are really parts of the same verb. My Irish has gone from me for many years, but I do not remember being taught three verbs to be. Mr. Byrne says it is a mistake to think there is any big literature in Gaelic. Yet is not the Tain an epic? And for a language with no literature it is strange so many continental societies exist for studying Irish letters and language. Dublin he finds a disappointing city, but it is the only city of Ireland with the air and bearing of a capital city, its streets, rich with memories of famous men, and many of its buildings linked to the past by unforgetable associations. Weston St. John Joyce has written a large book about Dublin and its districts and he finds its past full of fascination and interest. I can understand Mr. Byrne disliking the Shannon scheme. Its romance owes nothing to the past but is there nothing in the fact that it is the first big gesture of the Free State Government, a government composed almost entirely of young men with no previous knowledge or experience of looking after the affairs of a country?

I am afraid I have allowed my enthusiasm to run away with me. If Mr. Byrne had been dull he could not have provoked me. He has given us his own vision of Ireland and I do not altogether agree with him, but it is personal and interesting. It has been written quite obviously from the heart and it appeals to the heart more than the mind. The author was in love with his own country and to those who read this book this is apparent; indeed, he has succeeded in making something of the mystery and charm he sensed in Ireland pass to the readers of this book. The volume is well illustrated with some very good photographs.

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Foreign Literature

The Social Order

THE LEARNED KNIFE, an Essay on Science and Human Values. By LAWRENCE HYDE. London: Gerald Howe, Ltd. 1928.

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

THE eyes of medieval men were fixed on the world to come, and their steps were guided by faith. The eyes of the moderns have been fixed on this earth, and their roads have been built by science. The moderns have not only compensated the tendencies of the Middle Ages, they have overcompensated them, and by paying attention solely to another side of life they have left life as one-sided as before. For several generations now, any person who ventured an approving mention of the intuitive regions of life has been an object either of pity or of concern to the triumphant rationalists. But the worm turns in the end. And the intuitive worm, in turning, finds the way extraordinarily well prepared for its attack. Have not the pragmatists continually been saying that the results are all that matters, that it is by its results that a thing shall be judged? Very well, says the worm, let's have out your results, let's look into this scientific explanation of things, and see what it is worth to human beings.

"The Learned Knife" is the first part of a proposed three-volume critique of modern values. The line along which it moved is the line partly traced by Hulme in his critique of satisfaction ("Speculations"); contiguous to it are the works of Whitehead on the scientific side, and those of Unamuno and Otto on the philosophical and religious. Its challenge to the incompleteness of the scientific attitude is broader than any that has so far been issued: it is the first comprehensive statement of a mood which has of late been increasingly in the air, but which has till now been expressed specifically rather than in its general philosophical implications.

The negative side of the book is summarized by the sentence from Dostoievsky from which the name of this volume is taken:

> Social and civic ideals, as such, in so far as they are not organically connected with moral ideas, but exist by themselves like a separate half cut off from the whole by your Learned Knife; in so far, finally, as they may be taken from the outside and successfully transplanted to any other place, in so far as they are a separate "institution," such ideals, I say, neither have, nor have had, not ever could have, any existence at all!

The positive side of the book, the emphasis by which Mr. Hyde would fill out the lopsidedness of life, is indicated by the following quotation:

> The ideal of rationalistic inquiry is an increase of knowledge which is obtained solely by a combination of accuracy of observation and acuteness of analysis. The accuracy and acuteness may be increased by practice, but that is all. The ideal is strictly limited, and has, in fact, been already realized in a multitude of absolutely scrupulous inquiries. That is to say, the mind to which experience is presented for examination is regarded as remaining essentially unchanged as this development of thought goes on; people will become more and more clever, and that is all. The assumption, however, at the base of the intuitive method of dealing with the problem is of a widely different order. The intuitionalist takes his stand upon the principle that the important point is the development of the instrument, and not the extension of the field which it is employed to survey. In other words, he contends that by changing the focus of your consciousness you can become aware of a series of relationships which are infinitely more vital than are those which exist on that mechanical level which is alone accessible to Science. For indefinite horizontal expansion he would substitute vertical penetration. He is no less obliged than the orthodox scientists to organize the experience which he derives from this mode of contemplating life—there is no question here of a conflict between intuition and reason. But he suggests that in this way he acquires a knowledge of essences and final causes, of the deeper organic *Zusammenhang* of the objects in the world, which emancipates him from the obligation to multiply his facts. "He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh," says Thomas à Kempis, "is set free from many opinions."

It is necessary to understand the essential difference between these two ways of studying the laws of life. Scientific sociology acts on the assumption that all that is necessary, if we wish to understand the nature of man and society, is clarity of mind sustained by persistence of intention; it will be sufficient if we come to the point of pursuing all our inquiries in that spirit of precision which we maintain in the field of chemistry and physics. The mystical thinker contends, on the contrary, that there is required something more—the integrity of the whole individual. That is to say, he insists upon the fact that the sole knowledge about human beings which is truly illuminating is that which is secured at the cost of the purification of the self. It is only the regenerated man, he asserts, who can achieve a vision of organic society.

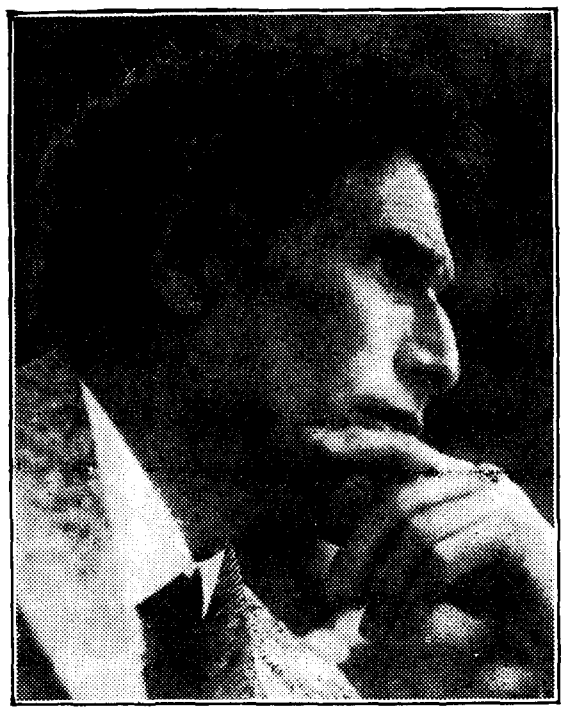
The two groups of scientific thinkers on whose values Mr. Hyde largely concentrates his analysis are the sociologists and the psychiatrists. He attacks them on two scores, for their externality and for their normalcy. The objectivity which has been the boast of the scientific mind condemns them, he points out, forever to know about, rather than to know. From their collection of external facts they establish norms. They then appraise the human beings with whom they come in contact in terms of these norms; and they equate social regeneration with conformity. (They defend this process by a vaguely optimistic expectation of a gently progressive whole.) It is these moderns who are the real conservatives. The sociologist, by creating external safeguards and institutional forms of social control, the psychiatrist in assisting adaptations to the individual's environment, in helping him to become "adjusted," are consistently bending behavior toward the old and sure and away from the eccentric and experimental. The tendency curves of their interminable statistics are winding the modern person tight against the pole of the social center.

The preoccupations of the people who are engaged in these scientific pursuits keep them from ever knowing, as persons, the persons with whom they deal. They strip their information of whatever makes it in any way a-normal; their acquaintance is consequently with Platonic ideas, not with men. Yet it is from these people that the men of to-day get their personal values; from their external averages is derived the inner hierarchy of values by which each of us lives. This is an essentially unsatisfactory situation. One gathers that Mr. Hyde is not unduly impressed by the type of mind which excels in the art of the questionnaire, whose supreme virtue lies in its ability to count. He suggests that in another age it would have been happily engaged in the copying and illumination of manuscripts. It is the type of mind which Pascal referred to as *l'esprit géometrique*. It makes for clarity, but lies all on one plane. In the ever-increasing horizontal area of charted knowledge one fact (properly established) is as good as another. If one is to achieve a hierarchy of values one must leave this flatness behind. But that vertical adventure requires a spirit which is different from the scientific; it requires what Mr. Hyde calls intuition, and what Pascal named *l'esprit de finesse*.

Mr. Hyde goes very thoroughly into what he means by this spirit. He points out that even the sociologist can hardly escape feeling a need for it. Take the economic theory of welfare; the scientific process of collecting figures on income, etc., can go on apace, but in the end the question of the equality of satisfaction obtained by different persons from equal sums calls a halt to the sociologist's objectivity. The scientist deals with spent forces; his learned knife dissects (and even vivisects!), but he must end in an average derived from morphology; he cannot experience life in the quick. Life in the quick is for the intuitionalist.

The person who deepens this intuitive perception achieves a sense of the whole. Through creative suffering he refines, little by little, an instrument which is sensitive to the significance of life; and by virtue of this sensitivity he can illumine life for his fellow men. His illumination may be a manifestation of form,—one then has the artist with his statue, his music, his painting; it may be a penetration of the more universal facts of inner experience,—one then has the mystic, with his expression of the religious spirit. In any case, the sensitive person is alone capable of creating for himself a spiritual continuity.

The influence of Sorel on T. E. Hulme is well known, and Hulme's influence is constantly acknowledged by Mr. Hyde. "The Learned Knife" might almost be described as an expansion of two sentences from "Reflections on Violence": "Clarity is not truth; science is not reality." And "The way to deliverance is narrowly conditioned."



Camera Portrait by SHERRIL SCHELL *of* JOHN COWPER POWYS, *author of* WOLF SOLENT

"KEATS has come back to life and is writing prose."

WILL DURANT, author of *The Story of Philosophy* and *The Mansions of Philosophy*, says of *Wolf Solent*, the new novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS, which is earning for its author widespread comparison with the immortals:

"I read every word of *Wolf Solent* with great happiness; here was literature, the expression of a profound and matured philosophy of life, in prose that verged every moment on the finest poetry; as a friend said to me, 'John Keats has come back to life, and is writing prose.' We have so little style in contemporary American literature that when a man comes who carves his sentences like statuary, colors them like paintings, and tunes them like music, I am grateful. In the pages of *Wolf Solent* I feel I am in the presence of genius. I have not read any book so well written since ANATOLE FRANCE and THOMAS HARDY. Poet and philosopher, pagan and saint have come together to make it."

With the rapture of the true discoverer, DR. DURANT has marked passages in *Wolf Solent* which seem to him to show MR. POWYS at his finest. He found one of his greatest thrills on page 137 of the first volume—in a lyric description of *Wolf*, enthralled by the beautiful *Gerda's* imitation of a blackbird's call. It is quoted not only for its beauty, but because it gives in a few paragraphs the poetic essence of this novel.

"He listened, fascinated. That particular intonation of the blackbird's note, more full of the spirits of air and of water than any sound upon earth, had always possessed a mysterious attraction for him. It seemed to hold, in the sphere of sound, what amber-paved pools surrounded by hart's tongue ferns contain in the sphere of substance. It seemed to embrace in it all the sadness that is possible to experience without crossing the subtle line into the region where sadness becomes misery.

"He listened, spellbound, forgetting hamadryads, Daphne's pearl-white knees and everything.

"The delicious notes hovered through the wood—hovered over the scented turf where he lay—and went wavering down the hollow valley. It was like the voice of the very spirit of Poll's Camp, unseduced by Roman or by Saxon, pouring forth to sky whose peculiar tint of indescribable greyness exactly suited the essence of its identity, the happiness of that sorrow which knows nothing of misery."

"WOLF SOLENT *challenges comparison with* THOMAS HARDY'S *great novels. The book is steeped in the human emanations of generations of Dorset country-folk; it is saturated with their lives and lusts. The human drama is absorbing."*
—EDWARD GARNETT

"*A momentous work . . . a modern prose Hamlet.*"
—NEW YORK TIMES

"WOLF SOLENT *holds speculations so intense, so searching and so ennobling as to suggest little less than revelations. An enduring treasure.*"
—THEODORE DREISER

Wolf Solent quickly became a best seller of the first rank, but only by virtue of qualities that mark it for the years.

WOLF SOLENT
A Novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS

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The Anniversary

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

ANOTHER August First inevitably stirs memories of the days, just fifteen years ago, when a shower of declarations of war precipitated the catastrophe which still fills all our horizon. And for those who had reached maturity at that moment, the anniversary will stimulate an effort to recapture the emotions and impressions of the first tremendous days, when the storm broke, the breathless fascination of the weeks when the German tidal wave engulfed Belgium and rushed resistlessly down upon Paris, the sense of incredible and unutterable relief, when, at last, the onrushing sea of field gray was halted at the Marne and ebbed backward to the fields of Flanders, Picardy, and Champagne, there to beat furiously but futilely upon the Allied dike stretched from Ypres to Verdun.

As is customary on all such anniversaries, we are sure to harvest a new crop of interpretations, explanations, and elaborations of the causes and consequences of the conflict. Yet, beyond much doubt, the newest crop will be far smaller than in the earlier post-war years. For nothing is more striking than the ever diminishing assurance with which men volunteer illumination alike on the reasons and the results of the World War. The more we know the less we understand, the fuller the record the more incomprehensible are the facts.

Viewed from the purely literary aspect, it has been said often enough and perhaps accurately, that the war produced no great literature. In any event, it is much too soon to attempt any accurate appraisal of the vast accumulation of books which record the events. Nevertheless, great or inconsiderable as later generations may pronounce these volumes, it is becoming increasingly clear that they express one clear message, which breaks utterly with tradition.

Looking back a century, it is patent that Napoleon had hardly reached his island prison when there was launched that ever-expanding effort to celebrate and glorify the colossal cycle of wars, which stretch from Valmy to Waterloo. Napoleon, himself, became the first publicity agent of his own legend, and he was barely in his grave when Byron, seizing upon the Greek revolution, took up the cry, skilfully replacing glory by liberty, but repeating all the praise of war.

Thereafter for three generations, youth was thrilled and thralled by the literary celebration of the Napoleonic saga. Even on our own side of the Atlantic, Pickett's Virginians advanced on the slopes of Cemetery Ridge in conscious emulation of the Old Guard at La Haye Sainte. Moreover, each of the innumerable national conflicts of the nineteenth century contributed something to the enhancement of the reputation of war itself. If the Napoleonic *épopée* crowned France with a glory which lasted from Austerlitz to Sedan, three victorious Prussian wars established the conviction that war could be profitable as well as magnificent. The struggles of the Risorgimento added a fresh glamour, and Garibaldi and his "Red Shirts" for the moment obscured the memory of Napoleon and his Grenadiers. Even our own Civil War, by preserving the union made the reward, at least in the written records of the North, seem commensurate with the sacrifice.

Thus for a hundred years youth was fairly drenched in glory. The conviction that war was noble, that victory meant profit, that mankind found its highest expression in battle, found repetition in numberless volumes. In vain the pacifist proclaimed that war was wicked, and the economist warned that it was becoming costly beyond possibility of profit. And all unheeding, the world marched to the frontiers, just fifteen years ago, youth captivated by the vision of glorious adventure in patriotic cause, maturity reconciled by the prospect of national advantage.

"I have a rendezvous with death," Alan Seeger sung, and in tragic unison his contemporaries echoed the same note, the ultimate expression of that interpretation which the literature of a century had given to the fact of war. When, however, one turns to post-war literary expression, it is instantly apparent that something approximating a revolution has taken place. Without exception, the books, which present judgment has pronounced good, give the lie direct to the older version. From Barbusse to Remarque the tale runs straight. Nothing survives of the legend, of the faith in which the youth of 1914 went to battle.

In this post-war harvest Mars, like Humpty Dumpty, has fallen, cannot be got back on his wall, not by all the king's horses, not, indeed, by all the king's scribes. Nothing, not a single shred, is left of all the splendid literary garments in which he was formerly arrayed. The last war was not magnificent, romantic, thrilling. It was dull, monotonous murder. Gone were the cavalry charges of Murat, the advance of the Old Guard with Ney leading, instead was the irruption of sewer rats out of stinking drains to meet automatic and impersonal extinction by poison gas, mathematical obliteration by machine guns, nameless mutilation by high explosive.

The bearskin shako made way for the gas mask, combat became as undistinguished and as indescribable as the grappling of negroes in an unlighted tunnel. War was reduced to the endless repetition of the routine of the stockyard. "Le Feu," "The Spanish Farm," "Disenchantment," "Three Soldiers," "No More Parades," "What Price Glory," "Sergeant Grischa," "All Quiet on the Western Front" repeat the same story. Frenchman, Englishman, German, and American, all arrive at the same conclusion.

"That is what the damned thing is like, take it or leave it"—there is the burden of the message. These witnesses do not take the field as crusaders. There is not even an evident and conscious purpose to "muckrake" war. All speak in the same matter-of-fact tone, the impression is conveyed not by the enlargement of a few splendid incidents, but by the endless repetition of commonplace detail. But, in sum, it is a literature of vermin and smells and of infinite and indescribable boredom.

Nor can one dismiss these post-war books as the evanescent consequence of temporary shell shock. On the contrary, the present day witnesses belong to the millions, who are only now becoming articulate and audible. When they first came home, all the soldiers of the World War lapsed into silence. It was impossible to persuade them to disclose the slightest detail of what it had been like "out there."

Even during the war a gulf had progressively opened between the man in the trenches and the civilian. One was already conscious of the incomprehensible mood of the fighting man. After a fashion the non-combatant world had continued to live in the old faith and to be sustained by the time-honored legend. The journalist described war in the only fashion the non-fighting world could understand. But, in the same time the soldier passed from initial irritation to consuming anger and at last to sullen hopelessness. He abandoned the last faint hope that the rest of the world could understand the truth about his war and succumbed to a weariness beyond all expression.

As a consequence of this break between the front and the rear, between the civilian and the soldier, the tradition of war after a fashion survived the end of the conflict itself. And, when the world was treated to Armistice Day Celebrations and Victory Parades, done in the best Napolonic style, it seemed possible that the traditional view might be preserved, the legend resuscitated, the old bait saved for a new generation.

In these circumstances all depended upon the man, who had been in the trenches. He alone knew. But for the first post-war years he hung silent and scornful. Already Versailles had ripened into the Ruhr and the world was beginning to repeat the old patter about the next war, when at last, very slowly and deliberately, the man, who had fought the last, began to put into words the meaning he had discovered in his war. And so gradual and unhurried was his course, that even today, it is with surprise that one discovers upon reflection, how complete has been his triumph.

For, ephemeral or enduring, the phenomenon is unmistakable. Not only has the contemporary novelist stripped modern war of the trappings of the Napoleonic legend, but the historian of the moment has with equal ruthlessness robbed statesmanship of the pre-war years of the Bismarckian glamour. And, last of all, the economist, dealing not in abstract theories, but in the commonplace details of the lives of all European peoples, has demonstrated that measured by the parochial circumstances of the millions there is little to distinguish the lot of the victors from the fate of the vanquished.

Nor can one mistake the fact that this movement, this substitution of the realities of modern war for the romance of nineteenth century conflict continues to gain momentum. For the present, at least, literature has broken with war, it not only refuses to make new use of the old material in the conventional manner but with a savage and sustained effort it is demolishing the tradition. Whatever else one may say, at least it is true that the next generation of youth will receive from the hands of the present nothing that will suggest that war is the supreme adventure and conflict the most inspiring of human endeavors. And this, after all, is something new and hopeful alike in the world and in literature, for, if youth may still devise its own glamour with which to clothe war, of all events the long line of tradition has been broken.

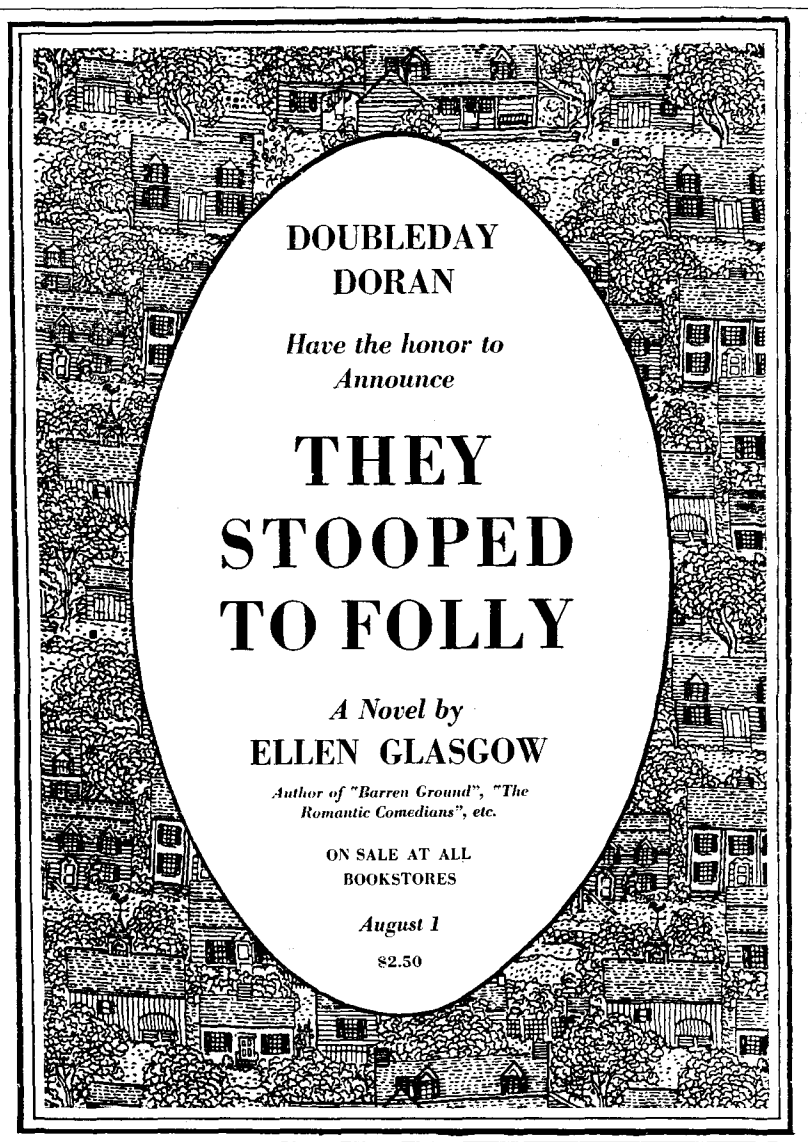
Once, in the heat of the struggle, Woodrow Wilson described it as the war to end war and the phrase, having served the purpose of the propagandist, fell at last into the hands of the cynic, when the anarchy of peace replaced the misery of conflict. And in the sense in which Wilson used it, it is clear that it was only a phrase. Nevertheless, in the light of the post-war literature it may yet acquire both a new meaning and a fresh vitality.

Obviously the war brought no clear and clean decision cutting through all pre-war problems and bringing the world to a peace based upon justice and thus certain to endure. On the contrary each day's newspaper brings us new menaces, Polish Corridors, Magyar Minorities, Mussolini's imitations of the best Bernhardi bombast. If the war resolved a few old problems it preserved more and produced a whole new crop. Outwardly little has changed and if nations talk more of disarmament they spend no less in arming. Yet, underneath the surface through all the literature of Great Britain, France, Germany, even to a degree, if less decisively in America, runs the same note. In the old days it was so easy to trick youth into uniform, when generation after generation was nourished upon the ancient legend, inspired by the deeds of heroes portrayed by artistry of literary genius.

But will it be as easy to conscript the intelligence of the generation reared in the knowledge of Barbusse and Montague, of Remarque and Dos Passos? One may doubt it and in the doubt take courage on this anniversary.

Maurice Reclus in his "Monsieur Thiers" (Paris: Plon), a monograph that at times may be too detailed to hold the interest of the average reader, has nevertheless in part at least written a biography that is full of color and incident. He has stressed the dramatic elements in the career of the man who became the first President of the Third Republic, and examined into the reasons for his having succeeded in winning the importance in the eyes of his countrymen that he held.

The second volume of the diary of Tolstoy's wife has just been published in Moscow. The book covers the period from 1891 to 1897, and is overshadowed by domestic tragedy. Tolstoy and his wife seem drifting deeper and deeper into that maladjustment which led to his flight from home shortly before his death, and which caused both of them bitterness of soul. There are even hints of suicide on the part of the wife entered on her pages.



PAGAN INTERVAL

FRANCES WINWAR

ASIDE from the very good tale of love, passion, intrigue, contest of wills, desires and futilities, the ultimate charm and power of this book are the impression it so vividly conveys of the endless age of the human race and the beautiful treacherous earth on which it has endured.

JOHN MACY in the *Herald Tribune*

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

CHINESE PAINTINGS IN AMERICAN COLLECTIONS. By OSVALD SIREN. Paris. Von Oest. 1929.

With the completion of the fifth (and presumably the last) volume of this great album, American scholars of Eastern art have received their final reprimand. If they criticise it adversely, the obvious reply would be, "Why, then, did you leave the task to a Swedish investigator and a comparatively late comer?" Indeed, it would be difficult to criticize it adversely without admitting much more to its credit than blame. The size of the illustrations make them really fit for study; the text is modestly and safely confined to attributions by the curators in charge of the treasures. Omissions are few and, except for Chinese wall painting in America, not important. In other words, Dr. Siren has done precisely what we should have long ago begun and should each year have been increasing. Let us hope that he will bring out next year another volume which will include the additions to American collections that have been made in the interval. Until the present no such *corpus* has been available. The Musée Guimet is also to be congratulated on its courage in publishing so handsomely a book which manifestly must have a restricted sale. However, the public for such a book will grow more rapidly than it has even in the past decade. For it is now obvious that the interest in the best paintings of China will no longer be confined to specialists, and that every cultivated person will realize that we cannot afford to remain ignorant of this amazing rich mine of beauty. Dr. Siren's record should be supplemented at frequent intervals when our additons demand a fresh volume, and it should be available in every college library where the fine arts are studied.

THE WOODCUT, NUMBER III. Edited by *Herbert Furst*. London: The Fleuron. New York: Random House. $5.

STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY FIGURES. By *Herbert Read*. Houghton Mifflin. $15.

Belles Lettres

ADAM, THE BABY AND THE MAN FROM MARS. By IRWIN EDMAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

A collection of essays on American life, philosophy, religion, education, and other matters. Professor Edman is quiet, reasonable, moderate. He takes the path of unadventurous good sense on most subjects. There is a clarifying essay on John Dewey. "Adam, the Baby and the Man from Mars" are three types that have been used to represent unprejudiced observers, receivers of unclouded and unwarped impressions of the human scene. But on examination it is found that these hypothetical observers are by no means so innocent, plastic, and detached. The Man from Mars is only a degree less provincial than the human beings he studies. Adam ceases to be innocent as soon as he leaves his innocuous Eden. The Baby is plastic, but as soon as he learns anything his intellectual chastity is gone. The moral is that no human philosopher is impartial. All philosophies and theologies are prejudiced. There is no Absolute Thinker, and he has no absolute thoughts.

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS. By *Scott Buchanan*. Day. $2.50 net.

MY SKIRMISH WITH JOLLY ROGER. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Random House. $3.50

AUSTIN DOBSON. By *Alban Dobson*. Oxford University Press. $5.

Biography

LETTERS OF WOMEN IN LOVE. Selected and arranged by *R. L. Megroz*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. By *Edwin L. Page*. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

NAPOLEON SELF DESTROYED. By *Pierce Clark*. Cape-Smith. $3.

LETTERS OF RICHARD FOX. Edited by *P. S. and H. W. Allen*. Oxford University Press. $5.

SEVEN MONTHS WITH MAHATMA GANDHI. By *Krishnadas*. Bombay: Taraporevalo. 2 vols.

Fiction

SVEN DISCOVERS PARADISE. By FRITZ RECK-MALLECZEWEN. Translated from the German by JENNY COVAN. Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

Boy Sven's nationality is never definitely disclosed to us, the author merely suggesting that his hero is a Nordic who in origin may be either a German, a Swede, or a Dane. At any rate, Sven did his war service in Flanders and Bulgaria though not until three years after, when he is twenty-six, do we first encounter him, setting forth for Egypt, an assistant irrigation engineer, employed by the British in an important canal-building project near Alexandria. On the voyage from Marseilles, Sven falls in love with the spoiled daughter of his immediate superior, and she with him, but after they land in Egypt it is not long before she dismisses the trusting boy. Meanwhile, through various misadventures, foremost of which is his love for a Bedouin girl rescued by him in a shipwreck, Sven loses his job, suffers ostracism from his fellow Europeans, and takes the first steps toward becoming an outcast. But we realize that he is too inherently fine and strong a nature for moral self-destruction, and so does Bully, that admirable old Britisher, who in the nick of time saves the disillusioned boy. Though the book may not be numbered in that group of remarkable novels which this year have come to us from Germany, it is still a forceful, brilliantly written story, and of an artistry fully equal to that of the author's widely acclaimed "Woman in Flight."

WINTER. By FRIEDRICH GRIESE. Translated by D. S. ADLER HOBMAN. Longmans, Green. 1929.

Griese reminds us of Jenssen of "Jörn Uhl," who in turn reminded us of Björnsen and the Icelandic sagas. But the old sagas were not sophisticated by allegory. The curt simplicity of the big-boned North Sea race had no shadow of romance and subintention about it; and Herr Griese tells his story something in the old, plain North Sea manner; he gives his characters something of that boney structure and unexpected action. But he surrounds it all with symbolism. There is a Götterdämmerung in miniature. Fate closes in relentlessly on the failing village of Long Row, and the story ends with the two who had the most vitality going away on their skis, leaving the old village buried in the snow.

THE DAIN CURSE. By *Dashiell Hammett*. Knopf. $2.

THREE LOVES. By *Max Brod*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE REBELS. By *Alfred Neumann*. Knopf. $2.50.

BEAUTY? I WONDER. By *Dorothy Coursen*. Elliot Holt. $2.50.

PLUS MINUS. By *Franz Harper*. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE. A Primer on the Workings of the Body and the Mind. By HAROLD DEARDEN. Illustrated by WILLIAM C. BLOOD. Cosmopolitan. 1928. $1.25.

Before the modern child has completed the fourteen short chapters of this primer, intended to induct him softly and safely into the great adventure of living, he would throw the book down because of its obvious moral intent. The author does not give a clear, straightforward, direct description of the workings of the body and the mind, but disguises a robust reality with didactic sentimentality. His interpretation of instinct in general gives a false impression, while the discussion of the sexual instinct in particular begs the question and creates an incomplete if not distorted pattern.

The growth of the mind and the functioning of the body are too complex to be treated with such amiable discursiveness.

BOBS, KING OF THE FORTUNATE ISLE. By A. W. FRANCHOT. Dutton. 1928. $2.

This is not a well-written book, because the conversation is jarringly artificial. However, the story evokes a warm response because it is a real romance—a story of shipwreck on an uninhabited island. The progress of events is reminiscent of the charming ridiculousness of Cooper's "Crater Island," in which the heroes find first here and then there an unexpected supply of just what was needed to avert disaster. The theme of escape from civilization will always have power as long as the world is peopled by the young of all ages.

The ingenuity displayed in this story by the three shipwrecked boys and their mother who must make their own home and discover their necessary supplies, is bound to be interesting to young minds. The book moreover, contains a good deal of arresting information. It commits, however, the serious fault of drawing attention to childish inefficiencies which are amusing to grown-ups, but quite wasted upon young readers, and the equally regrettable error of trying to interest children at the price of creating an artificial child who is presented to them as a perfectly normal child.

PEEP-IN-THE-WORLD. By *Frances Elizabeth Crichton*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEINE. By *Jeanette Eaton*. Harpers. $2.50.

LEGENDS OF THE SEVEN SEAS. By *Margaret Evans Price*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE STORY OF THE THEATER. By *Louise Euslegh*. Harpers. $1.25.

Poetry

SCRAPPED SILVER. With a Foreword by ISABEL FISKE CONANT. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. 1929.

This little book deserves its charming format. It is a collection of the class-work of eight girls, sixteen and seventeen years old, at the Scoville School in New York. The verses, Mrs. Conant tells us, are the by-product of a term in a class for the appreciation, not the writing, of poetry. "There are many by-products in industry, such as Tyrian dyes and diamond-dust, which might have lent a title to this collection, but it has derived instead from one of the poems which the poet herself modestly offered as 'junk.'"

It is evident, at the most rapid leafing through, that this is not the result of "required" writing. Nor is it the usual undergraduate compilation so prevalent in these so articulate States. Sharing the gift of creation—and adaptation—with all children not yet ruined by pattern-imposing teachers, these eight have resisted the clichés of education with unusual success. Most of them, like most of their kind, are indefinitely "poetic," but two or three of them are poets in their own small but absolute right. Evelyn Ahrend, who writes like a juvenile Sara Teasdale, is one of these; Elizabeth Morris, whose hand seems surer, is another; Edna Michaelle Snyder, if one can judge thus prematurely, has the greatest range. She can write a genuine evocation of the spirit of poetry (at the age of ten), an Ave Maria a few years later, a prismatic tribute to the quality of words, a whimsy concise as this:

RAGAZZA

When you are hungry
You must feed
On meat and apples
For your need.

I was hungry
Once, and took
For my need
A slice of book.

Altogether, a delightful booklet the inimitable fragrance of youth proud parents will not be the only ones to regret that there are only thirty-six pages and two hundred and sixty copies.

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceeding page*)

VIRGIL. The Georgics in English Hexameters by C. W. BRODRIBB. Appleton. 1929.

When Quintus Ennius took to writing Latin verse based on quantity, after the Greek fashion, the production must have sounded very strange to his contemporaries and the writers of the old Saturnian meter doubtless felt that it was a silly innovation. But, since it happened that Ennius was a genius and that Latin literature before him had been, to say the least, meager, his experiment actually persisted, and for centuries Latin poetry was written in a medium essentially foreign to the genius of the language. Had Chaucer undertaken a similar piece of pioneering we might now be perfectly accustomed to conventions decreeing that the syllable "and" should be twice as long as the syllable "the." But it is too late now. For better or worse (surely for better!) the pattern of English poetry is made by stress accent and not by quantity, and experiments in English quantitative verse remain experiments only. Nevertheless, they may have great interest as such, and not a little beauty of an exotic sort.

The use of such verse for the translation of Virgil is a clever idea. The meter of the original gives it so fair an excuse. It was also well to choose the Georgics instead of the "Æneid." Three lines from the Second Book will illustrate the tone of the work.

Blest, aye blest to excess, knew they how goodly the portion
Earth giveth her farmers! who afield where war's din is heard not,
Find ready there the living that she most justly awards them!

This is a fair average sample both as to dignity of movement and literary quality. The first line goes with entire smoothness, we accept the medium with pleasure. But in the second and third lines there are difficulties. "Her" must be a long syllable *metri causa* and in real life it is not. The trouble is not that we are too little sensitive to quantity, but that we are too exacting. "Blest" is a long syllable that anyone may subscribe to, but the "ing" of "living" is not. True, it is longer than the "ly" of "justly," but that is not enough. The way to find out what are the true longs and shorts of the English language is to write patter songs. If you can do it as well as Gilbert you may then be graduated to hexameters. Of course, Mr. Brodribb will retort that his longs and shorts are as nearly real as the Latin ones, and that is true. But the difference is with the convention. The Romans could listen with tolerance to a medium sized syllable being pulled out into a long one, but it makes us nervous. However, anyone who reads this translation aloud will find that there is real value in it, even if it gives him a slight feeling of standing on his head.

PINDAR'S ODES OF VICTORY: The Olympian and Pythian Odes with an Introduction and a Translation into English Verse. By C. J. BILLSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1929.

It is good that the most splendid of Greek poets should be presented in this sumptuous fashion. Fine printing is highly appropriate to Pindar, whose life and works both testify to the value he put upon magnificence. If any rumors of the Shakespeare Head Press penetrate to the Elysian fields, the Theban Eagle must be well pleased at the dignity with which he is clothed by this remote generation. Also his few but ardent devotees, who so seldom meet with a Greek text which is a pleasure to the eye, will be grateful for this page as a worthy presentation of great poetry. The text, which includes only the Olympian and Pythian Odes, is unencumbered with the critical apparatus which, necessary as it is from a scholarly point of view, is a sad distraction from the poetry. A short introduction and brief prefatory notes to the individual odes furnish the *sine qua non* of commentary, and opposite the text is printed a verse translation by C. J. Billson. This translation is a notable achievement. It is by no means the first attempt to render Pindar into English meter, but it certainly is the most nearly satisfactory. It is sufficiently close so that Pindar's thought is not seriously distorted, but it frankly sacrifices meticulous accuracy to literary quality, with the result that it has the style and spirit of an independent piece of verse. It would be a mistake to suggest that it is verse of the quality of the original, and it is a question how many English readers it will convince that Pindar is a really great poet, but it does furnish a very readable version of the most difficult of all poets to translate, a degree of success of which Mr. Billson has every reason to be proud. The illustrations are evidently supposed to be archaic Greek in style, but this is a dreadful mistake.

POETRY OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE. By *J. William Hebel* and *Hoyt H. Hudson*. Crofts. $5.

A VIRGIN'S DREAM. By *Max Ehrmann*. Terre Haute: Indiana Publishing Co.

SONNETS. By *George Henry Boker*. Edited by *Edward Sculley Bradley*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.

THE VOICE OF GOD. By *George G. Cox*. Champaign, Ill.: Flanigan-Pearson Co. $2.

DUELS IN VERSE. By *Marie Sylvia* and *William Wilkie Edgar*. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers.

AN HOUR OF AMERICAN POETRY. By *Charles Edward Russell*. Lippincott. $1.

DUST AND COBWEBS. By *Iva H. Drew*. Boston: Ball.

Travel

ALTAI-HIMALAYA. By NICHOLAS ROERICH. Stokes. 1929. $5.

An expedition from India through Chinese Turkestan, Siberia, Mongolia, Tibet, and Western China, led by a noted artist and philosopher, through almost unknown lands, high Himalayan passes and Central Asian deserts, promises much of interest to readers of stories of adventure, as well as to students of humanity and scientists. Disjointed notes from a diary, containing much irrelevant material, however, make hard reading, and so much which the author must have seen and heard is omitted that the result is exceedingly disappointing. We learn relatively little about the countries or their inhabitants, or even the geography, and read much about the hardships and the vexations and delays caused by the Chinese and other officials during the trip which lasted from 1924 to 1928.

Of greater value is the evidence collected "that the story of the life of Issa, the Teacher (Jesus), is accepted and lives throughout the entire East." This may be the result of the missionary efforts of Nestorian or other early Christian missionaries, or may have filtered from village to village, as the stories of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia have penetrated. There are also the legends of Maitreya, the Buddha of the future, of Avalokiteshvara, the Bodhisattava, savior and deliverer of Northern Buddhism, of Gessar-Khan, "The Coming One," and of Oirot the Messenger of the "White Burkhan." Everywhere there seems to be eager anticipation of the coming of one who is to redeem humanity and purge the world of its manifold ills.

The numerous illustrations are reproduced from pictures in the Roerich Museum in New York, founded to assist in realizing his vision of "binding humanity into a brotherhood through beauty." Those who are influenced by his original personality will welcome the opportunity of studying its revelation in these flashes of thought and inspiration written in moments of "first, fine, careless rapture." The pictures are the product of Russian modernism, and many of them are replete with the mysticism and symbolism which also often appear in the text.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 65. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most entertaining extract from the essay on Chinese Philosophy mentioned in the "Pickwick Papers." It will be remembered that Mr. Potts, the author, explained that he read the article on China and the article on Philosophy in the Encyclopædia and "combined his information." (Entries must not exceed 400 words and should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of August 26.)

Competition No. 66. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short poem called "The Sea Serpent." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of September 9.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

The prize of fifteen dollars for the best short rhymed lyric called "July Nightfall" has been awarded to Jean Waterbury, of Wooster, Ohio.

THE WINNING ENTRY

JULY NIGHTFALL

JULY is nightfall,—is the hush that falls
On Summer while the Summer is not done
That sharp surmise which oftener appals
Than where the very terror is begun;
That death that first must die along the mind,
That all alive is but more keen to death.
No single flower yet has grown resigned,
Emotionless, as to that final breath.
"No Summer passes," louder than the rose,
The zinnia, less certain, louder cries.
The bird that sang in Spring how wisely knows,
Remote, he ponders those melodious lies;
The pain of death is most to know you die;
The Winter night falls darkest on July.

JEAN WATERBURY.

THERE was an enormous entry for this contest, but the great majority of the lyrics were merely descriptive, verbal etchings with no point of rest, no man against the sky. None of these descriptions was compelling enough to match the more personal utterances of the week of which the best came from Homer Parsons, Frances H. Gaines, Claudius Jones, Bernice M. Goetz, Clinton Scollard, and Julia Coates. Arjeh, Eleanor Glenn Wallis, and Daniel O'Keefe all made excellent objective uses of the title. Jean Waterbury, on the whole, deserves the prize for her thoughtful sonnet which is marred by the false di-syllable "flower," and betrays in its uncomfortable punctuation a certain inadequacy of phrase. She has obviously steeped herself in the poems of Robert Frost. I liked, too, Bert Leach's eight lines.

The sun gleams in the ample West,
A medal on an athlete's breast;
Fleet-footed day his race has run
And wears the trophy he has won.

His presence is to grace the ball
And hold the hearts of maids in thrall;
This garb he doffs, and dons to go
A spangled sable domino.

This stood out from a large number of verses with ragged edges and vague images. Ralph A. Emling, beginning with a few lines of prose description which betrayed a lamentable lack of knowledge as to the nature of verse, suddenly achieved the genuine lyric cry with—

O parched night, take me in your hands!
Lose me in the depth of your unpeopled vastness,
That, forsaking men, I may be brought to her, my all;
And breathing on her breast again know happiness!
Rolling, shadow-streaked Ocean,
Night heed my call!

Jean Waterbury's second and third entries deserve mention. Caroline Pollitzer had been reading Julia Peterkin's Pulitzer Prize novel and made her poem a monologue by Scarlet Sister Mary in the act of turning July from her door. Another interesting entry, full of good things, but overpopulated by personifications, came from George O. Jager. In preference to the best of these I print some poems left over from recent competitions.

"WHAT SONG THE SIRENS SANG . . ."

(*Not to Odysseus*)

Did the warm scent of cattle tethered
That stirred their hooves in the dim barn-shadows
And fragrance of summer apples gathered
Drift with the cool mist from the meadows?
When the dew fell
O home-bred lad,
Did the dusk's magic
Turn you sad?

Did the last thrush song, breathless-heard,
All life's experience in its meaning,
Build a great silence round your need,
Until an ancient hurt returning,
Remote, as youth's
High hungers are,
Woke in that stillness
Like a star?

Ah, the old homesickness of youth
For the long wash of stranger seas
Has led you questing in the teeth
Of perils that you dare not lose,
Of perils that you dare not miss . . .
O voyager, we too are young;
And you shall find all roads in us
For your unended venturing.

DEBORAH C. JONES.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Long, long ago men thought 'twould come with crash
Of thunder from a black and angry sky;
And then a jagged, blinding lightning flash,
Rending the darkness like a fearful cry,
Would split old earth wide open to ignite
Her smouldering fires within to roaring flame.
Then,—blazing fragments plunging through the night.
The Candle's out, and over is the Game.

They could not know how, by slow, slow degrees
Earth's sunny warmth grew less and less, until
No sun could warm her now, so white and old.
We know no Spring. We only know we freeze
Unless we can find something warm to kill.
Have pity, God! We perish in the cold.

FRANCES H. GAINES.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

THIS department is rapidly becoming the stone-cutter's friend. The new library building of the North Carolina State College at Raleigh, N. C., wishes these readers to find some quotations suitable for use in panels on its wall. Two quotations that occur to the President and Editor of *The Progressive Farmer*, Clarence Poe, who sends the request, are Carlyle's "The true university these days is a collection of books," and the sentence beginning "Read not to contradict or confute," etc., from Lord Bacon, and quotations of about this length would be most welcome. The country-school quotations are not coming in well; who knows of a good motto to be graven over the door of one? The reference librarian of a Western library came upon the second reference to the quotation for a library wall, in which but two lines were given, beginning "O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile," and wrote to me in high anxiety to find the rest of it, and its source; this beautiful verse is in Edmund Spenser's "Faery Queene," and it has been on my bookshelves ever since it was sent in to the Guide neatly typed by one of its correspondents. It stood all the shocks and strains of my late moving, but when the last of some thousands of books had been stowed into boxes and I straightened up to see the words "This is the port of rest . . . the worlde's sweet In . . ." confronting me, I gave a long sigh and the stanza had the grace to flutter down and hide its face amid the wreckage. Books are a port of rest so long as you don't try to leave the place where you are, but for transport purposes they are the most solid and unyielding of substances, giving rise to problems that agitate the nervous system.

T. A., University of Florida, asks for books on the technique of dancing, both folk, and drawing-room.

A. S. BARNES 67 West 44th Street, N. Y., publishes a number of standard text-books on dancing, of which one of the most important is Elsa Pohl's "Dance Technique and Rhythms," a large book with manual of steps and music. Another large and valuable work is "The Dance in Education," by Agnes and Lucile Marsh (Barnes), which also has all music given in full, with excellent pictures.

For stage dancing we have the "Chalif Text Book of Dancing," published by the Chalif School, five volumes: "Clog and Character Dances," by H. Frost (Barnes); "Private and Stage Dancing," a pamphlet published by Samuel French; "Dancing with Helen Moller" (Dodd, Mead), which has many photographs; "The American Ballet," by Ted Shawn (Holt), beautifully illustrated, and "The Art of Stage Dancing," another large book published by the Ned Wayburn Studios. There is a volume, "Dancing Made Easy," by Call and Rosière, in the series of "Made Easy" books published by Clode—a disheartening list it looks, with all exhilarating difficulties taken from every path of human endeavor; letter-writing, lovemaking, shorthand, will-power. Sometime I must take three hours off and get all the arts and graces at my fingertips.

My present onlooking interest in the dance is through the English Folk Dance Society, 107 Great Russell Street, W.C.1, who arrange country dance parties throughout the summer in Hyde Park or in Hampstead Heath to which practitioners of this charming art come flocking for as thoroughgoing enjoyment as ever I witnessed and, in witnessing, experienced. They get such tremendous fun out of this complicated yet apparently spontaneous exercises, this ancient youthful art; to see a set of small boys, recruiting their number with one hastily admitted big girl to make the set, dancing the Black Nag or Rufty Tufty, is to have had an experience in joy. I have longed to see one of these dance competitions since I read Oliver Onions's priceless satire, "Grey Youth"—it was published by Doran on the eve of the war, and is now out of print, but I read it every year regularly—in which Rufty Tufty figures, and my interest was sharpened by the account of one of the country dance parties in Ethel Sidgwick's delightful novel of youth in London, "When I Grow Rich" (Harper). A Summer School for English Country Dance will be held in Amherst, Mass., from August 19 to 31 of this year, as there are three branches of the society in the United States.

E. A., East Liverpool, Ohio, asks for a list of the best books on mental hygiene.

"THE Problem Child at Home," by Mary Buell Sayles, published by the Commonwealth Fund, Division of Publications, 578 Madison Avenue, N. Y., is an excellent work for parents not above taking advice on the subject of forming normal and satisfactory family relationships, such as promote healthful emotional development on the part of the children. "Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child," by Douglas A. Thom (Appleton), is for those problems that so constantly occur as to seldom find sensible treatment in books; it was awarded a medal as the best book for parents, in 1927, by the magazine *Children*, and I do not wonder. "Psychology of Insanity," by Bernard Hart (Macmillan), is an explanation of some of the forms of mental disease, but its usefulness is not confined to those who have to do with the mental machinery of the really insane. "Outwitting Our Nerves," by Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury (Century), is a very popular work on the management of worries, fears, and suchlike handicaps; it has helped many to make better adjustments. "Social Aspects of Mental Hygiene," by Frankwood E. Williams and others (Yale University Press), is a set of six addresses in non-technical language, given to students at Yale as a résumé of the field of mental hygiene; it is thus an excellent survey of the subject; it costs $1.60, I may say, as from the description one might think it a large book. I take these titles—though not without previous acquaintance—from one of the little "Reading with a Purpose" booklets, "Mental Hygiene," by Frankwood E. Williams, M.D., an eminent authority, whose introductory remarks are of high interest.

A. L., Cody, Wyo., wishes to know of books similar to these: McCourtie, "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts"; Kennedy and Gordon, "Free-lance Writer's Handbook"; Brazelton "Writing and Editing for Women"; Woolley, "Free-lancing for Forty Magazines," and Johnson, comp., "Earning a Living by the Pen." This last was compiled from the experiences of Vassar graduates, who found opportunties in journalism. Is there anything similar, covering other branches of writing, put out by any other college? A. L. is interested in the commercial side of literature, rather than in technique. He does not care for such books as Hoffman's "Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing," or "The Writer's Art," by Brown.

THE handbook "1001 Places to Seli Manuscript," by J. K. Reeve, published by the author at Franklin, Ohio, would be a good addition to this equipment, which should also have "The Business Side of Writing," by Robert Cortes Holliday and Alexander Van Rensselaer (Doubleday, Doran), which goes from the preparation of manuscript to the appearance of the finished work, with various side-lines of earning money by writing. "What Editors and Publishers Want," by Mark Meredith (Bowker), is a list of British, Canadian, Australian, South African, and American periodicals, with short notes of the type of material accepted by each and the amount paid.

G. W. S., Sioux City, Iowa, asks for an autobiography, a book on music, and one on art, to be included in the book-reviews of a study-club.

THE autobiography of the season that has given me the most light on American life is E. W. Howe's "Plain People" (Dodd, Mead), honest as a Russian "true confession" and not so discursive. "Evolution of Art," by Ruth de Rochemont (Macmillan), seems to have been prepared with home students in mind, "to furnish a substantial background into which you may fit the gleanings of your own search for beauty." It is substantial in size, a large volume with wide pages, and there is plenty of substance in this outline of painting, sculpture, and print-making; the judgments expressed are definite but not dogmatic, and while the reader needs no knowledge of technical terms, an opening chapter on "ways and means of the painter" gives him this vocabulary. The trilogy of musical novels by Guy de Pourtalès—"Franz Liszt," "Polonaise: the Life of Chopin," and "The Mad King," which brings Wagner and Ludwig of Bavaria into the picture—is published by Holt, and would make a most interesting collective review.

E. D. D., who conducts the travel section of the book department in Macy's, New York City, tells me to add to the list for travellers making a literary tour of England the "Booklover's Map of the British Isles," edited by Paul Paine, librarian of Syracuse University, and published by Bowker. "It gives the authors' names and homes as well as the characters and places in fiction from centuries of English novels, poetry, and drama; the printing is clear and the colors make it decidedly decorative. With the map comes a small folder containing an index of author, title, and characters." I have had this map on my study wall for the past year, and planned more than one excursion by it for this summer, but I had not thought of taking it along; this reader says it would not be a burden, considering its qualities.

I. M. S., Easton, Maryland, asks for readings on the Minnesingers.

ONE of the volumes of the "History of Civilization" series (Knopf) is a selection of studies of knighthood and the civilization of which it was part, "Chivalry," edited by Edgar Prestage. This has the best brief account of the minnesingers, meistersingers, troubadours, and their music that I have found. The authors are members of King's College, London; the articles are all interestingly written. Jethro Bithell's "The Minnesingers" (Longmans, Green), is out of print, but may no doubt be found in public libraries. R. de L. Jameson's "Trails of the Troubadours" (Century); "Trouveres and Troubadours," by P. Aubrey (Scribner), are of interest in this connection; "Old German Love Songs," by F. C. Nicholson (University of Chicago Press), are translated from the minnesingers of the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.

C. M. K., Caldwell, Kansas, asks for books helpful to a stamp collector who is on the way to become a professional stamp fiend.

"THE Stamp Collector," by Stanley C. Johnson (Dodd, Mead), is a guide to the world's postage stamps, widely praised; the "Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue," issued by the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, 1 West 47th Street, N. Y., is a universally used annual, giving all particulars of every postage stamp, with prices at which most of them can be purchased. It costs a dollar and a half and the "Collector" three dollars. *A. D., Lansdowne, Pa., asks if a sequel was ever published to "The Chronicles of a Great Prince," by Marguerite Bryant and George McAnnally (Duffield).* I have told him there was not; if anyone knows better I should be glad of the news, for this curiously exciting work is one that stays in the mind. *R. L., Prescott, Arizona,* saying that this will convict him of being out of sympathy with present-day ideals, offers as inscription over the entrance of a modest country school (as asked for) a line from Hazlitt: "We can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth," to be found in the essay "On Going a Journey." Oh, well, I may be far from the land of my birth at this present, but the *Saturday Review* comes out every week in Forty-fifth Street, a stone's throw from the spot where I was born, and my destiny seems to be going on nicely *in absentia.*

THE first suggestion for a book with a fine boy in it, to make part of the equipment of a memorial library, has been received from E. R. N., Stamford, Conn.: "Hornung's 'Children of Men' (Scribner), for the book gift. I read it years ago and have always remembered the splendid character of the boy."

a CLAIM *versus* ACCLAIM

WERE *The Inner Sanctum* to state, however moderately, that WILL DURANT'S new book *The Mansions of Philosophy* is as notable as its internationally famous predecessor *The Story of Philosophy*. . . . that would be simply *a claim.*

But when a teeming volume of critical tributes is brought forward, quoting critics, educators, ministers, booksellers, and representative readers . . . . that is clearly *acclaim.*

"WILL DURANT has again achieved a miracle," says Dr. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES. "The task he set for himself in *The Mansions of Philosophy* was much more difficult than the one he set himself in *The Story of Philosophy*, as ideas are always more difficult to handle than persons, but he has brought off a great and memorable triumph."

"Not the least of the delights in this unwearying tome of 700 lusty pages is the care that the author lavishes upon his style," says the reviewer of *The New York World*. "We admire the cadence of his prose, the harmony of his thought. These chapters are so many palatial halls in *The Mansions of Philosophy*. Not only the winds of doctrine blow through these pages, there is the sweet breath of fields and streams and the laughter of children. Here is wisdom."

To DR. STEPHEN S. WISE, this new book by WILL DURANT is "massive, tremendously stimulating" . . . . To *The Philadelphia Ledger* it is "finer than *The Story of Philosophy*, its appeal more intimate and more general" . . . . "To the average American (according to *The Chicago Tribune*) it will prove a revelation, opening a window on life where he never knew one existed . . . ."

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Points of View

Graduate Work

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I have read with amazement the letter in your issue of July 20 from a graduate student at the University of North Carolina in which the writer complains that in his courses in literature here he has been required to read the work of scholars and commentators on literature to the exclusion of the literature itself. Of course it is always difficult to deal on the graduate level with students who have read so few of the classics as your correspondent seems to have read when he entered the graduate school; but what I started to say is that I know no course or courses now given, or ever given, at this university answering to the description of the one in which the student read "two thousand pages about Herman Melville" and only fifty pages of the novelist himself, not to speak of similar disproportions in the cases of Edwards, Irving, Whitman, and Brown. The policy of the department is always to make the text the matter of primary importance, and to supplement it with lectures and interpretative comment only as this proves illuminating. Your correspondent's letter completely misrepresents the facts, and is simply another instance of hasty, superficial, and inaccurate "criticism" of university work with which those of us who are in that work are growing a little weary. May I suggest that a fuller apprehension of the spirit of graduate scholarship would have led your correspondent to an accurate presentation of the facts before he commenced finding fault with them?

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

The University of North Carolina.

Language and Speech

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Will you permit me a few tardy remarks on Mr. Paul G. Conway's answer to Mr. S. A. Leonard, which appeared in your issue of May 4?

It seems to me that Mr. Conway has confused his argument. I dare say it is true that "the best of our grammars are based upon what is considered good usage as embodied in the best writers and speakers." But I do not remember that Mr. Leonard was much interested in grammars, good or bad. He was concerned with the English language in America, and maintained that it was idiomatic to say, for instance: Who is it for?

Now Mr. Conway thinks that this is wrong. But is there really a question here of right and wrong? If we approach the matter from the point of view of the "best grammars," perhaps there is; I don't know. But if we approach it from the point of view of *idiomatic American English*, what then?

Jespersen insists that Tégnier's definition of proper language is correct: that form is best which, most easily expressed, is most easily understood, even if it is fairly easily the props out from under a Mencken, for instance, in his defense of the language of the street; for that language is not most easily understod, even if it is fairly easily expressed. But if the definition staggers a Mencken, it annihilates a "purist." Who can say without smiling that "whom is it for?" is as easily expressed as "who is it for?"

If Mr. Conway, like the English professor murdered by his wife, had a row with the ice man, would he shout: "Whom the hell do you think you're talking to?"

In our language it is not easy to think in cases; cases, for us, are curious groupings in grammars and they are nothing more. When we use pronouns, where case forms still survive, we follow two rules of thinking: use the emphatic form in emphatic positions; and, use one form at the beginning of a sentence, or before a verb, and another form after a verb, or preposition. "It's me" suits our way of thinking, and suits it perfectly. So does "Who is it for?" We have not the German facility for starting hind end foremost, and remembering case relationships for a minute and a half: when we start a question, we use *Who;* and if the case turns out to be wrong—well, we never find out until somebody tells us.

Our American and his wife learn from childhood on that it is "right" to say, "It's I." They learn it, and probably never forget it. But they never say it, because "It's me" is just as easily understood, and more easily said.

Slovenly language deserves no support; but the matters discussed by Mr. Leonard and Mr. Conway are not slovenly language: they are expressions most easily said and most easily understood. If Tégnier and Jespersen are wrong, then let us go on kicking against the pricks, and inform the next hundred million Americans that they don't know how to speak. (They will say, with the present hundred million, "Is that so!") But if they are right in their attitude towards language, let us stop chattering about grammar and discuss language and speech.

Mr. Conway's analogy—that we don't study chemistry as it is understood by the man in the street—is singularly unfortunate: he seems to forget that chemistry is not a means of communication. Or does he suppose that language isn't, either?

Last but not least: Mr. Leonard and Mr. Conway and Miss Burnham and I—and any one else—can amuse ourselves with these discussions as long as we like; but when one of our students points one of us out to another, he'll say, "That's him!"

University of Leipzig. S. A. NOCK

Milton and Miss Moore

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Virginia Moore in her letter of June 8, criticizing my review of Miss Spurgeon's "Keats's Shakespeare" in your issue of May 25, seems to agree with me in one important premise: the present state of poetry is vitally bound up with our current attitude towards Shakespeare, Milton, and Keats and with our view of Keats's relation to his two great predecessors. A full treatment of this matter is given in my recent book, "The Cycle of Modern Poetry." Apparently Miss Moore read my review of Miss Spurgeon's work with such haste and prejudice that she could not help misrepresenting me in a good many points. I do not hold (heaven have mercy on the critic who would) that "The Tempest" is "mushy" and that Shakespeare's work is "merely sensuous and romantic." I do not deny that Shakespeare has "rich human ideas," though I refuse to identify them with Miss Moore's talisman, "warm humanness." I do not deny his persistent influence on Keats. I do not claim that Keats, in maturing, "wisely substituted Milton for Shakespeare," but merely that he passed "from his *absorption* in Shakespearean sensuousness to a *grappling* with Milton."

And I believe that a grappling with Milton, today even more than a century ago, can be our best aid in penetrating through the sensuous surface to the rich human ideas of Shakespeare. For those ideas—the great central ideas of Renaissance poetry—were carried on by Milton, and he displayed them with a clear philosophic and poetic cogency beyond the reach of Shakespeare. Take, for example, the idea of "the moral order," as Miss Moore terms it. She says very finely and truly: "In Shakespeare's tragedies exceptional beings, ensnared in portentous events, by their own acts set going forces which, working by some profound necessity, purge the moral order of evil, and in the midst of wasted good, and in the presence of death, convince the reader of deathless things." But is she unaware that Romantic criticism has considerably denied the presence of "the moral order" in Shakespeare? In Shakespeare, it is debatable. In Milton, it is unmistakable: it is unmistakably real and beautiful. His symbols and images of it happen to be out of fashion just at present. But I think that if Milton had not displayed so powerfully the preoccupation of the Renaissance imagination with "the moral order," Miss Moore would not have been in a position today to see it so firmly in Shakespeare.

Moreover, Milton could help Miss Moore to free her mind from the old Romantic muddle in regard to Beauty. She asks critically: "Would Milton have put beauty before moral rectitude? Could he have seen with Shakespeare that beauty includes beauty of action, and that beauty of human action is the deepest rectitude?" Here is the answer:—Milton saw two kinds of beauty in human action. One kind is below and devoid of moral rectitude. The other kind is above and inclusive of moral rectitude. Miss Moore mixes the two kinds together in a warm batter. So did Keats when he was very, very young. I agree with Miss Moore in doubting "whether the cold, puritanical Milton touched him to the quick." But I know that the passionate Greek, Puritan, Milton, so far from being "a side-interest" to Keats, was touching him more and more into mature discriminations in regard to beauty and ethical truth.

G. R. ELLIOTT.

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WE quote the following from the *Harvard Crimson*:

It is not often that the library has occasion to start a wholly new classification, but this has been made possible this year by a gift of several hundred finely printed books, made by Philip Hofer, '21. The library has for at least two decades had an active interest in modern printing, of which the Charles Eliot Norton library contained a number of important examples. To these, specimens of the productions of such noteworthy presses as the Merrymount, Kelmscott, Ashendene, Daniel, and Dun Emer, have been added as funds permitted. Such accessions came at irregular intervals, however, and it was not until Professor Sachs gave his collection of the work of Bruce Rogers, that typography was recognized as a distinct subject for which the library ought to provide a place. Mr. Hofer's gift now makes it certain that the Harvard collection of finely printed books will be easily equal to that of any other institution. The recognition of printing as a fine art is closely connected with book illustration, and Mr. Hofer is adding important examples of the best work in this line, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. In the nineteenth century, there was a brilliant period, when books were being illustrated by Kate Greenaway, Randolph Caldecott, Sir John Tenniel, and Walter Crane. The Widener collection brought to Harvard a good assemblage of Miss Greenaway's work, while Tenniel is very well represented in the Lewis Carroll collection made by Harcourt Amory, '76, and given in his memory by Mrs. Amory and their children. The other two, Crane and Caldecott, are thoroughly taken care of by the books, original drawings, and autograph letters given last autumn by A. H. Parker, '97, to form the Caroline Miller Parker collection in the Harvard Library. Mr. Parker's gift includes a fund of $5000 to assure the permanent well-being of these treasures, and he has also recently made a number of most important additions, among which is a sketch book in which Crane drew the view of the river front where the Freshman Dormitories now stand, from the opposite shore.

TO all conscientious book-collectors, as to all conscientious churchman, the lull of mid-summer is an intense relief—it is so considerate of everyone in authority to allow this decent interval of peace when no new values in "esteemed authors" can be created overnight; when dealers' catalogues are infrequent and rather dull; and when it is possible to cultivate placidly the acquaintance of one's latest purchases. The annual volumes of the English and American "Book-Prices Current" always appear quietly on the shelves of libraries at this time, and occasionally sighs of reminiscence disturb the air, sighs that may be caused by bitterness and regret.

The past season from October, 1928, to July, 1929, cannot be regarded as one of exceptional brilliance. New York had the Jerome Kern sale, which set an entirely new scale of high prices, and suggested the complete disappearance from the world of all type designers, printing presses, and, quite incidentally, of all authors, while London had the Gosse library and several important books from smaller collections. Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw suddenly joined the list of authors whose works are, for the present, within the reach of only the wealthy; and Lewis Carroll, who should have understood better the folly of presenting inscribed copies of his books to all his friends, and Joseph Conrad were forced to retire modestly to a lower rank in the auction scale of values. The dealers' catalogues consistently maintained their usual high level of intelligence and bibliographical honesty, many of them to an extraordinary degree. In comparison with the majority of these, the Kern sale catalogues, outwardly impressive and excellently illustrated, were so completely a compilation of superlatives and hysterics of no especial bibliographical importance that they became needlessly conspicuous, and helped largely to deepen the impression that no one, except a historian of English literature, could ever possibly feel a compelling interest in many of the books Mr. Kern possessed. Two exceedingly important and brilliant bibliographies appeared, Mr. Michael Sadlier's "Trollope," and Professor Frederick A. Pottle's "The Literary Career of James Boswell, Esq.," both of them done from the unusual standpoint of presenting bibliography as a means of interpretation, not as a matter wholly of collations and unrelated transcriptions. Mr. C. G. Littell's "A Rod for the Back of the Binder," although intended as an advertisement, presented in unusually clear and lucid form so much information about binding impossible to find elsewhere with such convenience that it deserves to be mentioned.

Throughout the year the tendency to regard book-collecting as a new kind of investment has grown rather than decreased. It is impossible, of course, to foresee the results of such practice, or to tell exactly how it will affect the habits of collectors who buy for their own enjoyment, but it is fairly obvious already that many authors whose appeal is not primarily to retired business men in search of a hobby, have passed beyond the reach of those persons most truly interested in them. If any of the present inflation serves to direct attention towards George Eliot and Lord Beaconsfield, or towards Sarah Orne Jewett and Frank R. Stockton, it may be just as well—everyone will have to be collected before long in order to answer the demand, and the final judgment upon literature will scarcely be passed by investors who hope to make fortunes by means of rare books. It is always possible to think of the Cochran, Folger, Morgan, and Huntington gifts, and be more than thankful.

G. M. T.

THE most recent auctions at Sotheby's have conformed to the usual standards of high prices. At the Mann sale, a fine, clean copy of the Kilmarnock Burns, "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," 1786, bound in contemporary calf, brought £2,450 (in the Huth sale in November, 1911, it had been purchased for £730); the Edinburgh Burns, 1787, brought £107, while the first Dublin edition of the same year sold for £66. It is interesting to note that an uncut copy of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," with "The Principal Corrections and Additions to the First Edition of Mr. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson," 1793, uncut and unopened, sold for £630 ($3,062). Sir Walter Scott did unusually well as "Guy Mannering," 1815, uncut and in the original boards, brought £260, and "Ivanhoe," £98. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," in the original 19-20 numbers and wrappers, realized £370. During the week preceeding the Mann sale, the private papers of the Lords Secilius and Charles Baltimore, first and second proprietors of the Province of Maryland, were bought by Quaritsch for £3,500, against several American agents.

Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, Ltd., of London, have announced the publication in an edition of 750 copies, of "Modern First Editions, Points, and Values," by Gilbert H. Fabes, the manager of Foyle's Rare Book Department, and author of "The Autobiography of a Book." According to the publishers, Mr. Fabes has "chosen over one hundred important modern first editions which may be found with two or more points of issue," and has separated these first editions into first, second, and later issues. Such a book ought to form a valuable complement to the two works on American first editions recently done in this country by Mr. Merle Johnson.

G. M. T.

WE take the following from an article by Claude F. Luke which appeared in a recent issue of *John O' London's Weekly*:

For both sorts of booklovers an orgy awaits him who is privileged to browse among the many beautiful productions that have issued with a fair regularity for the past thirty-three years from the

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Ashendene Press. This is one of the few remaining private presses in England, and is remarkable, perhaps, for the fact that, unlike many so-called private presses, it adheres to the unwritten definition which lays down that a private press shall execute only the work that is inspired by the tastes of the owner, and shall not print to the order of an outside individual.

"For thirty-three years the Ashendene Press has observed this law, producing only the books beloved of the printer; books which, quite apart from their contents, would be vastly satisfying to the eye. By handling only the world's greatest classics, however, the Press has wedded the art of the writer with the craft of the printer in upwards of forty volumes of exquisite beauty and finish.

"Mr. C. H. St. J. Hornby, the owner of the Press, is a lively rebuke to the many of us who permit the hobbies of youth to be overwhelmed by the growing demands of manhood and a career. On his own confession Mr. Hornby was born with a desire to use his hands, and after exhausting the normal outlets of extreme youth, he chanced one day to visit the private press run by that poet-craftsman, William Morris, and there discovered the hobby that was to remain with him through life.

"At that time he was innocent of the nice problems of printing, and of the involved technique of type and press; he knew merely that he would not be happy until he owned a press like Morris's on which to spend every spare minute in casting beauty between covers.

"He joined the firm of W. H. Smith and Son—he has been a partner in this famous firm now for many years—and there soon made opportunities of friendship with the compositors, who were only too glad to show the eager young man the elements of their craft.

"The time grew ripe for the founding of his own press, and he here discovered a fact that will surprise many people: that to own a private press is not necessarily a rich man's prerogative, and that, in fact, it may be done in a small way on rather less than the cost of running a small car. Mr. Hornby's first hand-press and fount cost him £40 second-hand, and this he erected at his home at Ashendene in Hertfordshire. His first achievement was the printing of a diary kept by his grandfather, Joseph Hornby, during a visit to France in 1815, and this journal, printed in Caslon pica type, appeared in an issue of thirty-four copies in 1895, a year before the death of William Morris.

"Mr. Hornby refers to this first book as 'a shocking effort.' Certainly it is the ugly duckling when compared with the other children of his press; nevertheless, though its press work showed the novice hand, yet the journal revealed something of the art that was to make his later productions the lovely things they are.

"For the next four years the young craftsman must have been busy indeed, for in his spare time he produced single-handed no fewer than eleven volumes. They included 'Three Poems of Milton,' 'The Rubáyiát of Omar Khayyám,' the Book of Ecclesiastes, the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," and Francis Bacon's 'Of Building and Gardens.' Not the least romantic product of his press in these days was the order of service at his marriage to Miss Cicely Barclay, whose name appears thereafter in conjunction with his own on the colophon of his books.

"In 1899 the Press was moved to Shelley House, on the Chelsea Embankment, the present home of its owner and family, and about this time Mr. Hornby spent a matter of £200 on a new fount of type specially cut to his own pattern; he chose a Great Primer type modelled on that used by Sweynheym and Pannartz in 1465.

With this addition his ambitions soared, and from 1902 onwards he produced, among others, magnificent editions of Dante, The Song of Songs, More's Utopia, Le Morte d'Arthur, Robert Bridges's Poems, Refugees in Chelsea, by Henry James, Boccaccio's Decameron, Spenser's Faerie Queene, and Four Tales by Oscar Wilde. The last-named was specially printed for his daughter, Rosamund Hornby, on her tenth birthday.

"The latest work of the Press has been Don Quixote in two superb volumes. To print and bind the 225 copies on paper and twenty on vellum has absorbed the no mean sum of £5,000; small wonder that the issue price of the book is £25. Mr. Hornby, indeed, believes that no private printer should hope for financial profit from his hobby; that he himself has about covered his expenses is something of an accident. Curiously enough there is always more demand for his expensive productions than he can supply, and there is every indication that the market for these beautifully printed and high priced volumes is steadily increasing.

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Camera portrait of
JOHN COWPER POWYS
by SHERRIL SCHELL

Three months ago, when *The Inner Sanctum* predicted wide acclaim for a two-volume novel of 976 pages by JOHN COWPER POWYS, entitled *Wolf Solent*, and announced a $5.00 work of 703 pages by WILL DURANT, called *The Mansions of Philosophy*, clients of this column [*both of them*] were advised to buy the Class C common stock of *International Paper*. . . .

The price was then 11. . . . It closed last week at 15½ . . . an increase of almost 40 per cent. [Yes, thank you. *The Inner Sanctum* took its own tip and bought 400 shares.]

By passing on such reckless advice your correspondents were violating their own canons of conservatism in matters fiscal, but they just couldn't resist the temptation to let their readers In On A Good Thing. . . . Now that their heterodox hunch has been amply vindicated they find it hard not to gloat.

Although such financial recommendations, like publishers' blurbs, must be taken at the readers' own peril, without guarantees, annexations, or indemnities, *The Inner Sanctum*, contemplating the sales chart before it, and examining the country's forestry resources and paper supply, must now report that the best-seller momentum shows no sign of letting up. More than a million copies of *All Quiet on the Western Front* have already been sold in all languages [CRIES OF "*And a good thing, too!*"] . . . the new firm of Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith is riding on the crest of *The Wave* . . . and at the sign of the three sowers on West Fifty-seventh Street, at least four best-sellers are going full blast.

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NO word from O'Reilley, that obdurate mouse. We had hoped against hope until this moment that he would put in a surreptitious appearance, and had left delectable morsels scattered about the Phœnician's office in an effort to beguile him into the Nest. Now we are esconced in the glass-enclosed cubby-hole that serves the Phœnician as a safe retreat in which to read *Sateveposts*, and *Red Books*, and *Hearst's Internationals*, where rows of orderly books by the best authors lend sobriety to his excursions into magazine literature, and gay-colored illustrations clipped from here, there, and everywhere enliven the spaces of wall not covered by family photographs. The Phœnician is an orderly soul. In fact, he loves order too well. No paper ever lies exposed on his desk; it is always filed neatly away in some receptacle known only to himself. His is a mind with an enormous power of concentration; discussion can swirl and eddy about it and yet it knows nothing of it. What with his orderliness and his concentration nerve-racking things happen to the *Saturday Review;* books sent in for review vanish mysteriously, articles and poems submitted for judgment are nowhere to be found. The editors wax vociferous in their puzzlement, summon secretaries and office boy, institute search and burst into lamentations, and six months later with the blandest of countenances and most innocent of consciences the Phœnician announces, "By the way, I finally got through that stack of manuscripts I put in a folder some time ago, and I think this (holding out the much-sought article) is worthy of your attention." Yet there is no other like him. Like his bird, may he persist forever. . . .

This is rank treason. We have been put here to fill his columns with literary gossip, and we doubly betray him. To make amends we shall regale you with the assurance that according to the very latest intelligence from England *Milton's* elm is still in existence. So is the tradesman of Chalfont St. Giles, who objects to it on the score that it may collapse over his shop. . . .

Lord Charnwood, whose life of *Abraham Lincoln* was a best seller in the day when Henry Holt issued it, and is now a standard biography, is engaged upon the collection of material for a life of *George Washington*. Lord Charnwood is a younger brother of the noted actor, *Sir Frank Benson*, which reminds us that *Dean Inge* claims descent from *King Edward III*. Twenty-one generations it took from King to Dean. . . .

While we are on the subject of Englishmen we must not forget to state that Scribners announce that *Winston Churchill*, the final volume of whose "The World Crisis" they published not long ago, is coming to America in August, and that Coward-McCann report that *Siegfried Sassoon's* "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," which they issued last winter, has won the Hawthornden Prize. That makes two for Mr. Sassoon. He was awarded the *James Tait Black* Memorial Prize earlier in the year. In fact, it makes all, for these are the only literary prizes offered annually in England. . . .

The Chocorua Press has announced its intention to publish a series of bibliographies under the title of "The Chocorua Bibliographies." Any one who has done, or intends to do, any bibliographical work, is invited to communicate with the Chocorua Press, 301 West 24th Street, New York City. . . .

And, baseball fans, stop, look, listen! An extensive collection of data about baseball, formed by the late *Bradshaw Hall Swales* of Washington, D. C., has been given by his widow to the New York Public Library. Alas, it will take almost a year to sift it, and before it will be available to lovers of the national game. But when it is, oh, boy! Then you can live through all the thrills of the past again. Excitement remembered in tranquillity. . . .

But we wander from literature. Farrar & Rinehart, already sufficiently launched on publishing to have their own letter-head, ads in the *Publishers' Weekly*, and an excellently functioning publicity department, write us that some truly remarkable *Bryan* data is coming into the hands of *C. Hartley Grattan*, who is finishing "The Peerless Leader, William Jennings Bryan," which *Paxton Hibben* left incomplete at his death last year. We remember spending a half hour with Captain Hibben when he was in the midst of his work last summmer, and being greatly interested by what he told us of the Commoner. . . .

The same firm is to issue *Lizette Woodworth Reese's* "A Victorian Village" in September. We've been privileged to see advance sheets of the book, and can assure you that they contain most pleasing glimpses of a past less remote in time than in aspect. But, oh, how the world does move! As we read of a village just outside of Baltimore on the edge of the Civil War period we felt as though it belonged to an age that antedated our own by at least two centuries. . . .

Talking of publishers, as we were when we said that Farrar & Rinehart were on the way to issuing books, Harcourt, Brace & Company celebrated the tenth anniversary of their incorporation on July twenty-ninth. There's a record for you! Starting late in 1919, by the end of 1921 they had to their credit *John Maynard Keynes's* "Economic Consequences of the Peace," *Sinclair Lewis's* "Main Street," *Lytton Strachey's* "Queen Victoria," *Dorothy Canfield's* "The Brimming Cup," *Virginia Woolf's* "Monday or Tuesday," and *Christopher Morley's* "Modern Essays," not to speak of other excellent if less widely popular works. Since then, of course, they have had such books as *Werner's* "Barnum," *E. M. Forster's* "A Passage to India," *Keyserling's* "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," *De Kruif's* "Microbe Hunters," *Katherine Mayo's* "Mother India," and *W. B. Seabrook's* "The Magic Island." Now we are waiting for "A Layman Looks at the Doctors," which we are assured is charged with dynamite. Who wrote it? We don't know; neither do the publishers. But the sources through which it came, and which are preserving its anonymity, are impeccable. . . .

This is certainly the age of the child. Even the staid Oxford University Press, sponsor of some of the most valuable works of scholarship available, announces a department of juvenile publications. Included in its list will be poetry, fantasy, popular science, Bible stories, animal stories, and folk songs. The paper on which the announcement comes whets our appetite, for trailing enticingly down either side of the Oxford Press imprint is a row of books with attractive titles. . . .

As for children's books in general, wait till you see what the *Saturday Review* is going to do with and for them in November. Umm-umm. . . .

We are in receipt of Number I, Volume 1, of *The Rustler, a Roundup of Verse*, to which youthful writers are urgently requested to contribute. It's published in La Farge, Wisconsin, in a town located in the heart of the scenic Kickapoo River Valley (never since we rode through the Kicking Horse Pass in the Canadian Rockies has any name struck us so delightfully), and its editors take pleasure in quoting a full-page advertising rate of $20 and smaller space in proportion. Incidentally, in this first number it has corralled prose in almost equal measure with verse, and from the superscription on the first page purposes regularly to do so. . . .

The Literary World is the name of a new literary news-magazine to be started in the near future by *Everett Lloyd*, San Antonio editor and publisher. Its offices will be at 1114 West Gramercy Place, San Antonio, Texas, and it will specialize in articles about authors, literary news, reviews, illustrations of the homes of authors, and stories of their recreations and hobbies. Come on, ye literary periodicals. The more the merrier. . . .

Mr. Lloyd, editor of the above mentioned magazine-to-be, is engaged on a study of the life and times of *Judge Roy Bean*, to be entitled "The Saga of Roy Bean." He is desirous of getting in communication with former Texans in New York and elsewhere who recall any of the myths that have grown up around this figure. Roy Bean was a self-constituted justice of the peace, gambler, and saloon-keeper. . . .

Until next time.

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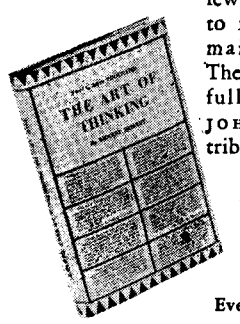

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